FALSE FRIENDSHIP;

OR,

NATURE IN MASQUERADE.

A NOVEL.

FOUNDED IN TRUTH.

CONSISTING OF LETTERS

Which have actually passed between

PERSONS IN FASHIONABLE LIFE,

UPON THE MOST

AFFECTING SUBJECTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

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FALSE FRIENDSHIP:

OR

NATURE IN MASQUERADE.

LETTER I.

To Col. P****

I AM here moſt pleaſantly ſituated, in a fine fertile iſland, producing the richeſt crops of corn. We have been ſometime in purſuit of the French, but had not the good fortune to meet with them, or ſhould, I flatter myſelf, have given a good account of them, as the ſpirit and zeal of our gallant ſailors would have led them through all dangers. Several ſhips of war have caſt anchor at a ſhort diſtance from us.

From the bay in which we lie, and which is very extenſive, we have moſt charming proſpects. The town of Ramſey is on the Pembrokeſhire coaſt, about two miles in length, and one and an half broad; and its ſituation is delightful. The bay is well ſecured from boiſterous weather, and veſſels ride here in ſafety. The air of the iſland is

very healthful, and people live to a great age.

From Mona there are ſome of the moſt delightful views in nature; hills, vales, rivers, farms and cottages, in a moſt beautiful variety: and the ſcene is enriched by the grand object of ſhips paſſing in and out of the bay.

I have made an excurſion round Ramſey: the ſurrounding country is exceedingly well cultivated, and there are many very romantic and pictureſque ſcenes. The views are extenſive as well as pleaſant; and water, falling from ſome of the hills, has a very pleaſing effect.

I have ſpent two days at Mona, and had yeſterday the honour of being in company with ſome very agreeable ladies, particularly the charming Miſs *J— D—*. This lovely girl has attractions moſt powerfully captivating: her form is elegant, her eyes lively and ſparkling, her voice muſical, her language ſenſible, her ſentiments beautiful and refined. She plays admirably the piano forte, and favoured us with the following air, of her own compoſition.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWEL TO HIS MISTRESS.

Since we muſt part, adieu, my dear!
Nor ſuffer anguiſh to oppreſs
A heart ſo gen'rous and ſincere,
And better form'd for happineſs.

Fear not, ſweet girl! O ceaſe to mourn!
Leave all to gracious heaven above,
Till crown'd with laurels I return,
To ſhare your beauty and your love.

She favoured me with a copy of the above in the moſt obliging manner. The echo of her ſweet voice, reverberated from a group of rocks, was enchanting beyond deſcription.

In the evening there was a ball; and ſeveral ladies appeared in the moſt elegant dreſſes. The gentlemen too were well dreſſed, and very polite. The lovely *J— D—* opened the ball with a minuet, in the moſt graceful manner. The aſſembly room is a very neat building. The commanding officer of the town, next day very politely ſent me and my brother officers a card of invitation to dine with him: he is married

to a lady of great accompliſhments, and of much beauty; and they have ſome amiable children.

After dinner, *Lieut. T—* gave his old ſong of, "Fly care to the winds."

I am now thinking of my lovely *J—t.* She is ever in my thoughts. I wiſhed to ſhew her many marks of my eſteem, but was prevented by our commodore ordering us on board ſooner than we expected.

We waited on the commanding officer, in compliance with his genteel invitation, and after dinner, we repaired with muſic to the green, where we danced till ſix o'clock. We were afterwards invited to Mr. *B—'s* delightful villa; there we ſtayed ſome time, and were moſt agreeably entertained.

This is what I ſtile true enjoyment. I never ſaw a place ſo well calculated for inſpiring harmony and love. True happineſs can be only found in ſuch a ſituation as this, where the ſoul, diſengaged from the hurry and buſtle of the world, no longer feels thoſe deſires which make it unhappy. Contented with little, ſatisfied with all, ſurrounded by love and innocence, we find in ſuch retirement,

ment, the golden age of the poets revived. The beauties of a chryſtal ſpring, a ſilent grove, or a daiſied meadow, chaſten the feelings of the heart, and at all times yield a pure and laſting pleaſure.

I am ſo delighted with this place, that if my income were ſomewhat larger than it is, I would purchaſe a ſmall farm here, and with my J—— ſhould ſhe be diſengaged, would ſpend the remainder of my life.

I am, Sir, truly your's.

Ramſey, Iſle of Man.

LETTER II.

Miſs L—— to Miſs H——.

YOU ſay, my *Henry* merits not my tenderneſs, and you deſire me to forget him, and perſevere in my reſolution in favour of Mr. *Mandeville:* but ſhould I not be unpardonable, my dear *Harriet*, were I to marry Mr. *Mandeville* from ſuch ſelfiſh motives as my own convenience? how ungrateful!

grateful!—What a blameable return for his generoſity! Yet, I own my weakneſs, I tremble at the thoughts of poverty again—To fall from the affluence to which I have been accuſtomed in the early part of my life, to indigence and want—an unbefriended creature, thrown on the mercileſs and unpitying world, what will become of me! I am ſtill as much as ever at a loſs how to act—it is true I do not hate him, but I feel not that affection I ought to have for the man I truſt my happineſs to. But why, my dear, did the ungenerous *Colonel Elwood* dwell ſo long on the praiſes of my *Henry*'s deſtined bride? Could he make no allowance for the frailty of human nature? Did he believe I could liſten without pain to the encomiums he beſtowed on her charms?

I have had another intereſting and charming interview with my young and amiable benefactor, who has ſpent a few days here; and, to add to the delightful ſociety, the arrival of a very accompliſhed and well-bred woman, a friend of Mrs. *Lavington*, has compleated the group of friends here. She has honoured me with her friendſhip, and given

given me an invitation to accompany her to Ireland; and, as I can no longer ſuffer myſelf to remain in a ſtate of dependance, I will accept her generous propoſals. With what reluctance ſhall I leave this dear ſociety of friends, this ſweet retreat, where love and harmony reign.—Were I to paint but a hundredth part of the domeſtic happineſs that the brave *Colonel Lavington* and his charming lady impart and enjoy, it would appear, perhaps, rather the creation of a diſturbed brain, than a faithful report and juſt picture of the realities and delightful mutual intercourſe of the married ſtate. Sweet Ely Grove, dear *Harriet*, is the moſt charming ſeat that can be imagined. The houſe is ſituated on the declivity of a hill, with a deep wood behind it; but the fine proſpect in the front and ſide views, ſpurns all deſcription. Hills, rills, and ſpacious plains, covered with verdure, form a beauteous landſcape, which ſerves at once to delight the eye, and pleaſe the imagination; and the houſe is ſo well deſigned, and ſo nobly proportioned, that it gives a moſt pleaſing ſenſation to view it. But the coach is waiting,

ing, and in a few minutes, my dear friend, I muſt ſet out for Liverpool, with the amiable Mrs. *Norman*. I ſhall write again the moment I arrive in town. Pity, and continue to love, your

CLARA LENNOX.

LETTER III.

COLONEL E——— to Mr. M———.

Hot-Wells, Briſtol.

SOON after my return from India, as I was ſitting, killing an hour, with Mrs. *Wilmot*, one morning, the footman acquainted his lady that a young gentlewoman wiſhed to ſpeak to her—She was immediately ſhewn into the room where we ſat; and with great modeſty and humility offered herſelf candidate for Mrs. *Wilmot's* place, who was in want of a genteel young perſon, of reſpectable family, for a companion, and at times to attend her. I was ſtruck with her addreſs and plaintive voice.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Wilmot* treated her with an unbecoming hauteneſs—a riſing bluſh and ſtarting tear at my couſin's indignant behaviour, captivated my wandering heart, and that moment I marked her for my own; and ordered my ſervant to follow her. I found ſhe lodged at a Mrs. *Allworthy's*—that her name was *Lennox*—that ſhe was accompliſhed, and had no relations—lived very retired—and her moſt intimate friend, a Miſs *Hervey*. To this lady I ſoon paid my addreſſes; and I found her fair friend had long been attached to *Henry Walpole*, who I had a ſlight acquaintance with before I left India. I prevailed on Miſs *Hervey* to introduce me to the amiable girl, whom I was more and more charmed with every day: but her reſerved behaviour, and Mrs. *Allworthy's* prudent conduct, who regarded *Clara Lennox* as her own daughter, prevented me from an opportunity of declaring my paſſion. Soon after, this worthy woman was taken ill of a fever, and in a ſhort time after died, and left poor Miſs *Lennox* unprotected. Luckily for me ſhe was removed to Mrs. *Miſer's*, ſiſter to the deceaſed, but an oppoſite character to her's. I immediately took

took apartments in her houſe. The dear *Clara* was ſeized with a ſlow fever. Young *Mandeville*, who you ſaw once with me at Mr. *Wilmot's*, had profeſſed himſelf her lover; but, having no hopes of ſucceſs, was juſt ſet off for Ireland. I found ſhe doated on Mr. *Walpole*. I reported a ſtory of his being married in India, to a very beautiful woman.—Thanks to Miſs *Hervey* for contriving this ſtory, to urge her to encourage my addreſſes, and accept my protection. She often wept as we talked of *Henry W—t*, but oftener ſighed, and looked with a piercing eye, as if ſhe would penetrate into my very ſoul, for the truth of what was doing there. I took her hand—ſhe ſtruggled to draw it from me—I preſt it to my lips—ſhe frowned—but a frown, my friend, that had more diſtreſs than indignation, I thought—I kneeled to her—beſought her with an earneſtneſs that called up, as I could feel, my heart to my eyes—" By my ſoul, Miſs *Lennox*, (cried I, forcing a tear) it gives pain to my heart to ſee you deſerted by a man you adore, and to ſee you treated with ſuch cruelty by Mrs. *Miſer*, for want of money to pay her—

Do,

Do, for God's ſake! accept my aſſiſtance and friendſhip." She turned away her glowing face, and vanquiſhed a half-riſen ſigh. I took her hand, and ſwore the happineſs of my life depended on her, and how fervently I loved her.—She looked at me with an eye tending to compaſſion; but its benign rays were as often ſnatched back, and her face averted. This was an opportunity favourable to my wiſhes, I thought. I aſſured her Mrs. *Miſer* threatened to diſtreſs her for the money ſhe owed; but at the ſame time I declared I would pay it for her, and take her out of all her difficulties, if ſhe would make me happy this moment—Then folding her in my arms, and endeavouring to ſalute her by force—ſhe roſe with up trembling impatience—the tears ſtarting in her indignant eyes—"Begone, Sir, touch me not"—and ſighed as if her heart would break. I would have preſſed her hand to my lips, but ſhe drew it back from me with contempt. "Unhand me, Sir; how dare you inſult me with your baſe propoſals—thus making me feel my forlorn ſituation!"—I caught hold of her arm—ſhe ſcreamed—then

with

with a look of ſweet dignity, that commanded reſpect, obliged me to quit my hold; and, ruſhing out of the room, her whole perſon viſibly agitated and weak, fainted before ſhe could get into her bed-room, where ſhe meant to lock herſelf, I ſuppoſe, from my ſight. Sweet ſoul! I ſtaid till I ſaw her revive, and then left this perverſe ſkittiſh *Clara* to Mrs. *Miſer's* management. She will break her ſpirit if any woman can—but I was concerned, dear *Medley*, the next morning, to hear, by the ſervant, that ſhe was in a high fever. She requeſted the late Mrs. *Allworthy's* doctor would be ſent for—ſhe languiſhed ſome time on a ſick bed—ſhe often called on the name of *Henry*, and her late deceaſed friend, and begged I might not be admitted near her. On her recovery, though in a very weak ſtate, Mrs. *Miſer* preſſed hard for money, her illneſs, &c. being an additional expence. I found poor Miſs *Lennox* had wrote to Miſs *Hervey* to ſend her a ſmall ſum of money, to diſcharge the debt, &c. but ſhe had an excuſe ready. The amiable girl then wrote a long letter to her favourite ſiſter, ſoliciting her immediate aſ-

ſiſtance,

ſiſtance, and painting forth her unfortunate ſituation; part of it addreſſed to her honoured parent, entreating a ſpeedy remittance. This letter I ſtopped, having engaged my landlady in my intereſt, and bribed her with gold, to ſtop all letters to and from her, and comfort the poor girl, yet act as my ſworn friend. As ſoon as my charmer was able to ſit up, Mrs. *Miſer* introduced me, declaring I would pay her whatever debts Miſs *Lennox* had contracted, if ſhe would aid and aſſiſt in getting her for me, and would do ſomething handſome for them both: this had the deſired effect on this mercenary woman.

As ſhe ſat up one day, with her head reclined on the ſervant's boſom, Mrs. *M.* and I entered the room; a faint bluſh overſpread her languid countenance—I again offered her my purſe and protection—and would you believe it, dear *Medley*, in her defenceleſs and diſtreſſed ſituation ſhe refuſed it, with a determined though faultering voice. I took her trembling hand, and attempted to ſalute it—She drew it from me, with a look of terrified reſentment—

Mrs.

Mrs. *Miſer* threatened to arreſt her, and left the room.—"Oh, thou truly deſpicable wretch! (cried ſhe, lifting up her eyes to heaven,) who ſhall pity the unfortunate *Clara*, who has fallen into ſuch cruel baſe hands?"—"Oh, my wayward fate! (added ſhe, wiping her eyes) what difficulties haſt thou involved me in, deprived as I am of a father's bleſſing and protection." —Now, by my ſoul, *James*, all the weakneſs of the ſex flew to my eyes—but I muſt have her—the difficulty I have met with enhances the value of the object. I took her hand and preſſed it to my lips—I then deſired the maid to leave the room, and folded my arms round her; but ſhe ſcreamed—"Dear *Betty*, do not leave me, I charge you—and immediately fainted away. I left the room, gnaſhing my teeth with paſſion and diſappointment.

A few days after ſhe was arreſted by Mrs. *M.* and ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be carried to priſon. I followed the coach —ſtopped it—again reminded her of her unhappy ſituation—entreated her to accept of my protection, and promiſed to pay the debt

debt on condition ſhe would accept of my propoſals.

Indignation kept her ſilent ſome minutes—" With a face ſo unbluſhing, Sir, how dare you again inſult me in my diſtreſs? You whoſe heart is loſt to the ſweet feelings of humanity, and diſintereſted benevolence" —A great deal more ſhe ſaid to mortify your poor diſappointed friend, and then ordered the coachman to drive off. I bit my lips with vexation—I was ſilent—What a perverſe woman this is, thought I, to contend with her fate, yet has reaſon to think that her very ſtars fight againſt her. I flattered myſelf ſhe would ſoon be tired of her new lodgings, and would be glad to make it up with me on any terms; yet that manſion ſhall not hold long the lovely angel. But lo! *Medley*, this morning, when I was preparing to pay her a viſit, and take her away, a ſanctified Clergyman had paid the debt, and taken my *Clara* in triumph with him. Find out the fugitive for me (they

ſay they have eloped for Shropſhire or Bath) and you will ever oblige

Your ſincere friend,

ELWOOD.

LETTER IV.

CAPT. PARKER to Mr. BATEMAN.

DEAR BATEMAN,

Ely Grove,

I RECEIVED your obliging letter ſome time ago. I would have anſwered it ſooner, but wiſhed to ſee your mother and Miſs *Bateman* firſt, agreeable to your own requeſt. I was highly entertained with the deſcription you give of the town of Ramſay, and the lovely *Juliet*; I was then at Briſtol Hot-wells, where I have found great benefit from the waters, and hope to be able, in a few weeks, to ſerve again my King and country. I think Clifton-hill extremely romantic

mantic and pleaſant, the rooms are elegant and ſpacious ; there was a great deal of company, and among them *Colonel Lavington*, and his agreeable family, who inſiſted on my accompanying them to Ely Grove. You will pardon me, I hope, for entertaining my friends with an account of that part of the iſland you have ſeen. The ladies were quite delighted with the deſcription, and the fair *Juliet*—my *Louiſa*—mine did I ſay?—would ſhe were, my friend! that is all that is wanting to compleat my happineſs! She has engaged me in a promiſe to indulge her in a ſight of your letters for the future, and you know how much I am inclined to oblige the little Syren, particularly as her ſpirits have been lately depreſſed by the abſence of Miſs *Lennox*, who left Ely Grove lately, with a friend of Mrs. *Lavington*, whoſe kind partiality to the amiable *Clara*, does honour to her feelings. Mrs. *Norman* would fain have perſuaded Miſs *Lennox* to accompany her to Dublin, but ſome ſecret attachment in England, I ſup-

 poſe,

poſe, or a dread of the ſea, prevented her. We are all greatly intereſted in her happineſs. Miſs *Howe* preſſed the gentle *Clara* to continue ſome time longer in Shropſhire, and then accompany her to Yorkſhire; the charming Mrs. *Lavington* joined in the requeſt, Miſs *Lennox*, melting into tears, replied, "I am ſenſible of your friendſhip, ladies; and the obligations I am under has ſunk deep into my heart; but we muſt part; the neceſſity for preventing part of the evils my imprudence may have occaſioned, will recall me to reaſon, duty, and myſelf."—"I cannot miſconſtrue your conduct (anſwered Miſs *Howe)* which has, I dare ſay, ever had the moſt upright intentions, and I am ſenſible of the innate virtues of your ſoul. Stay then, my dear *Clara*, my mother aſſures you of the moſt friendly welcome in Yorkſhire."—"No, my generous, amiable friends, (replied ſhe) it cannot be; but, when I forget my obligations to this worthy family, may I ceaſe to live." That moment Mrs. *Norman* called for her, and away went the carriage; the

tear

tear of ſenſibility dropped over the ſeparation, and regret followed the parting ſteps of this much-eſteemed girl.

According to your requeſt, my dear *B.* I called at Woodland-cottage, and found your mother in good health and ſpirits, attended by the ſweet orphans; they are much improved in height and beauty. On my entering the room, the ſportive *Lydia*, with all her monkey-tricks, was prattling away, to pleaſe her aged parent. On ſeeing me advance—"Oh, my dear Grandmamma, (cried ſhe) ſee Captain *Parker*;" and ran into her arms; but, in a moment recollected herſelf, and advanced to receive me. It was like ſpring riſing from the boſom of winter. Your mother aſked a thouſand queſtions about her dear *William*. While the gentle *Evelina* was embroidering a waiſtcoat for you, the pattern a wreath of laurels; and ſaid, with ſuch a beautiful grace as made her appear all lovelineſs, ſhe hoped it would be acceptable to her dear uncle. They then roſe off their ſeats, and each taking an arm

of their aged parent, ſhewed me their pretty cottage; the walls of which are covered with woodbine and jeſſamine, and ſeemed a little paradiſe of ſweets. I took the liberty to offer my friendſhip in your abſence. The dear girls thanked me with a ſmile. I am quite charmed with their ſimplicity and innocence. I muſt introduce them to my friend *Wilding*. *Evelina*, of all the girls in the world, would pleaſe his taſte. I muſt prevail on Miſs *Howe* to viſit them. We are impatient to hear from you; be particular in your accounts; but ſeek not, dear *Bateman*, to entangle the affections of the lovely *Juliet*; conſider your circumſtances, and the chances of war. Remember me reſpectfully to the Commodore and Mr. *P.* and believe me to be,

Your's, ſincerely,

THOMAS PARKER.

LETTER

LETTER V.

Miſs LENNOX to Miſs HOWE, at Ely Grove.

Liverpool,

MY dear *Louiſa*, I bluſh to think of my long ſilence; but do not ſuppoſe it has proceeded from forgetfulneſs or ingratitude, though appearance is againſt me; but a ſlow fever, which confined me to my bed, and prevented me from exerciſing my ſtupid pen ſooner, to aſſure my dear friends, at Ely Grove, how often I reflect on the happy hours I ſpent under their hoſpitable roof. Mrs. *Norman*, with the moſt pleaſing attention, endeavoured to rouſe me out of a ſtupid lethargy, that ſeized me ſoon after I parted with my beloved Miſs *Howe*. We ſpent a week at Buxton, which had no charms for me, as the generous *Wilding* had juſt left it. My protectreſs was much diſappointed, being prepared to admire him, from his general good character; his converſation is ſo ſenſible, his manners ſo gentle,

ſo unaſſuming, that he at once engages eſteem, and diffuſes complaiſance.

The ſituation of Buxton is extremely romantic. Derbyſhire-hills render one part of the road unpleaſant travelling. We have met with great attention and civility from ſeveral families here, from whom I ſhall part with regret. The inhabitants of Liverpool are reckoned wealthy and intelligent; the town is large, the buildings noble and elegant, and many of the ſtreets equal to any in London. You, my dear *Louiſa*, would be delighted with their fine docks, the beſt in the known world, and the view of the ſhipping.

At parting, Mrs. *Norman* took my hand, and with a gracious ſmile ſaid—"I am convinced, my dear *Clara*, by your obliging attention to my health, that you merit my beſt eſteem. I have juſt received a letter from a lady of my acquaintance in London, who is in want of a companion. I have anſwered it; and, as I have not been able to perſuade you to accompany me to Ireland, I have ſtrongly

ſtrongly recommended you to her protection. I would adviſe you to ſet off to-morrow; and, as you will be in want of money, the journey being expenſive, I beg your acceptance of this trifle." As ſhe preſented me her purſe, a ſympathizing tear dropped on the generous hand which conveyed it. "Write to me from London, (continued ſhe, with tears ſwimming in her eyes) I expect you will keep your promiſe to acquaint me with your hiſtory: I have often checked my riſing curioſity. You ſeem, by your unprotected ſituation, dear Miſs *Lennox*, to have loſt your parents, or are they cruelly unkind? or, perhaps, you have offended them; but I ſee I diſtreſs your feelings. God Bleſs my dear *Clara*!" cried ſhe, with a faultering voice. She was then handed on board, and in an inſtant the ſhip was under ſail. How ardently did I pray that Heaven might protect this valuable woman! As her letter to Mrs. *Goodall* was not ſealed, curioſity induced me to read it: and have encloſed a copy for your peruſal.

" Mrs. NORMAN to Mrs. GOODALL, at Canterbury.

" DEAR MADAM,

Liverpool.

" THIS Letter will be delivered to you by a young gentlewoman, of my acquaintance, who I highly eſteem: ſhe is accompliſhed, and gentle in her manners, with an obliging attentiveneſs that gains her the love of ſtrangers at firſt ſight; I am perſuaded ſhe will do every thing in her power to merit your good opinion and friendſhip, and be a uſeful companion. She is a girl of genteel birth, whom misfortunes have driven into a ſtate of dependence; I commit her to your protection, and only hope ſhe may be found worthy half the goodneſs I am ſatisfied ſhe will meet with at your hoſpitable manſion. But I am ſummoned on board the veſſel; the wind is fair; once more I beg you will extend your friendſhip to poor Miſs *Lennox*, and believe me, dear Madam,

" Your's ſincerely,

" ARABELLA NORMAN."

AND

AND now, my dear Miſs *Howe*, I am juſt ſetting off for London, with a ſad foreboding heart. Duty teaches me to bend my ſteps towards the authors of my being; but I dread the ſea, and ſtill more the frowns of thoſe I have innocently offended: I dare not truſt them with my happineſs again, and yet my ſoul ſighs for the ſweet peace of being reſtored to their affections. I am ſent for; the coach is ready. Should Mrs. *Goodall* not approve of me, where then ſhall I find an aſylum? But hope, ſweet ſubſtitute for happineſs, whoſe mental gildings dawn periodically upon the ſoul, like light on the creation, chears my drooping ſpirits.—Aſſure *Colonel Lavington*, and your charming ſiſter, of my grateful eſteem. *Captain Parker* has my beſt wiſhes for ſucceſs with the little teazing *Louiſa*. Again I am called, the coach is ready.—Adieu! my dear loved friend; and believe me to be,

Your grateful,

CLARA LENNOX.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Bateman to Capt. Parker.

DEAR SIR,

Iſle of Man.

NEED I tell you the pleaſure it gave me to find you were ſo well recovered from the ſevere fit of the gout that prevented you from joining us? I am happy to hear my mother is well, and the dear girls. After cruiſing about Scotland, and the Iriſh coaſt, we returned to guard this Iſle, where we are to be ſtationed ſometime longer. Our Commodore ordered us to anchor in Douglaſs Bay; I accompanied him, and *Capt. H.* on ſhore: we ſpent ſome hours in viewing the town, which is large, but irregular. There is a number of noble and convenient houſes; one in particular, the reſidence of the Governor, whenever he viſits the iſle. Douglaſs was formerly full of rich and eminent dealers; the reaſon of which is plain, the harbour of it being the moſt frequented of any in the Iſle,

by

by Dutch, Iriſh, and Eaſt India veſſels. The church is ſituated on a riſing ground, which commands a delightful view; and there is a neat little chapel of eaſe near the parade. They have here a very handſome theatre, and a large aſſembly room, with ſeveral good boarding and lodging houſes, in a very genteel ſtile. Phyſicians, ſurgeons, and apothecaries, of great abilities. Among the improvements of the town, I muſt mention the ſchools, there are three for the reception of young ladies, beſides two private ſeminaries, lately eſtabliſhed, at ſome little diſtance from this town, by reſpectable and intelligent clergymen; ſo that the health and education of the children ſent here, for the benefit of ſea-bathing, may be both attended to. Near the harbour is a large ſtone pier, which joins the parade; this elegant and uſeful work is completed in the moſt convenient manner; and, whilſt it adds both to the ſecurity and beauty of the town, affords a pleaſant and ſpacious walk, to thoſe who may be deſirous of exhaling the ſalubrious

and

and invigorating breezes of the ſea. On the pier we were joined by a large party of gentlemen and ladies, whoſe countenances diſplayed the greateſt ſhare of ſenſibility, animation, and innocence: their complexion is fine, without the addition of art, which, I ſuppoſe, is owing to the pure and wholeſome air of this Iſle. *Capt. H.* is quite captivated with the Miſs *Hammonds*; thoſe charming girls have learned the art to pleaſe at firſt ſight; and their vivacity can only be equalled by their beauty; but it had no effect on your friend *Bateman's* heart, which is devoted to my ſweet *Juliet*. Beauty may charm the eye, but merit wins the ſoul. We received a polite invitation to the nunnery. The delightful and elegant villa of *Major T.* where I was as agreeably ſurpriſed as at Ramſay. The falſe accounts I have heard of this Iſland, had prejudiced us againſt it at our firſt coming; but I will be bold to ſay, thoſe ill-natured remarks, recited by the author of the Hiſtory of the Iſle of Man, are without the leaſt foundation: one of his obſervations

obſervations is, that the Manks ladies are ſo aukward, that if invited to the table of an Engliſh family, they know not how to make uſe of knives, forks, or ſpoons, and that they carved and eat with their fingers: the author has been extremely prejudiced, as they are well ſupplied with plate, and thoſe utenſils, knives, forks, and ſpoons, in abundance: nor did I ever ſee the honours of a table more gracefully performed than at the houſes of ſome of the natives of this Iſle. We were entertained with every rarity and delicacy the ſeaſon could produce. Here was formerly a nunnery, the ruins of which, I am told, were viſible a few years ago, and plainly indicated that few religious houſes exceeded it either in ſize or elegance; particularly the cieling of the cloyſters, which were evidently the workmanſhip of the moſt maſterly hands; but, in ſome of the dreadful revolutions this Iſland has ſuſtained, it doubtleſs had ſuffered much from the outrages of ſoldiers, as was ſeen by the wreck of the chapel, which was one of the fineſt in the world.

world. Cloſe to the altar, I am told, ſtood an antique monument, which, though mouldered by the hand of time, ſeemed to indicate by its ornament, two javelins, and a broken ſword, that ſome warrior here ſlept the ſleep of death.

Here have alſo been ſome curious monuments, the inſcriptions of which, though almoſt eraſed, ſtill retain enough to inform the reader the bodies of very great perſonages have been depoſited here; there was plainly to be read, a few years ago, I am told, on one of them, *Illuſtriſſima Matilda Felix*; and, a little below, on the ſame ſtone, *Rex, Mercia.* I think there is great probability, that it was *Matilda,* the daughter of *Ethelbert,* one of the Kings of England, of the Saxon race; ſince both *Stow* and *Hollingshead* agree that that Princeſs died a recluſe: but I am entirely of opinion, that *Cortiſmunda,* the fair Nun of Wincheſter, who fled from the violence of King *John,* was here buried. Several of the old ruins have been pulled down, and rebuilt.

The

The ſaloon, and other apartments, are fine, and elegantly finiſhed; at the front of the houſe, towards the town, is a ſpacious ſquare, planted round with ever-greens, ſilver furze, and the moſt beautiful flowering ſhrubs; the gardens are laid out with great taſte; and adjoining is an excellent hot-houſe, or nurſery, ſhrubbery, and wilderneſs, the whole being connected with ſurpriſing convenience. The nunnery is univerſally admired for its beautiful proſpect; from the windows, up ſtairs, are pictureſque views of great beauty: near the front of the houſe, runs a beautiful river, wandering ſerpentine through the vale, till it meets the harbour; over it is a very handſome bridge; and near it a water-mill, fertile meadows, beautiful cottages, and a ruinous Gothic bridge, all at ſuch a diſtance, as to be pleaſing objects. To-morrow we ſail for Ramſay. It is but juſt to ſay, that the inhabitants of Douglaſs ſpare no pains to render the town pleaſing to ſtrangers; and we ſhall depart with much reluctance. Adieu! my dear *Parker*; I am impatient to ſee my

ſweet

ſweet *Juliet*; I ſhall write to you again in a few days.

Your's ſincerely,

W. Bateman.

LETTER VI.

Miſs Lennox to Mrs. Norman, near Strebane, Ireland.

I TAKE the earlieſt opportunity to acquaint my dear friend, that I arrived ſafe here. I was received by Mrs. *Goodall* in the moſt flattering manner. I think her a very charming woman; but I am convinced not happy. Mr. *Goodall* ſeems to repine at her want of tenderneſs for him. What obligations am I not under to you, my dear Madam! The honour of your acquaintance was a happineſs ſufficient to require of me the utmoſt return of gratitude; but your generous care in providing an aſylum for me, before I could aſk, or even expect it, is a proof of

of your exalted goodneſs of heart. My journey to London, was attended with ſome unfortunate circumſtances. I was robbed of my trunk of cloaths on the road; you may readily imagine what I felt on this occaſion;

" *Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe,*
" *No ſigh could riſe, no tear had power to flow.*"

It was neceſſary to acquaint Mrs. *Goodall*, and the family, with my loſs, as the want of cloaths might ſubject me to the impertinence of curioſity, the ſneers of conjecture, and ridicule of the ſervants. Mr. and Mrs. *Goodall*, with a gracious ſmile, aſſured me I had nothing to fear. The remainder of your kind preſent at parting, enabled me to purchaſe cloaths, fit to appear as the friend and companion of my new kind protectreſs.

Mr. *Goodall* has made me ſeveral preſents; and his reſpectful and polite attention diſtreſſes me at times, as it is more than I have a right to expect, as an humble dependant on his lady. You, my dear Mrs. *Norman*, are ſo obligingly intereſted in my happineſs, that it would be unpardonable to conceal any

part

part of my conduct from you. But Mrs. *Goodall* has ordered me to attend her; she has been in tears. We are going to London for a few months; and, agreeable to your request, will acquaint you with my little history, to the moment I had the happiness of seeing you at Ely Grove. The carriage is ready, and Mrs. *G.* is impatient.—Adieu! my dear Madam; long may you continue on earth, to bless,

Your grateful,

CLARA LENNOX.

Canterbury.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. WILDING to CAPTAIN PARKER.

Bath.

I AM sorry to hear, my dear friend, you have a relapse of the gout, it happens unlucky at this time. Pray tell the charming *Louisa*, that it is in her power to restore you

you to health and happineſs. I fancy her tenderneſs will have a greater effect than all the medicines the phyſician can preſcribe. It is on condition that ſhe will make up this little quarrel, and be reconciled to my friend, that I oblige her with the wiſhed-for account of the amiable foreigner, who has filled the town, from all parts, and made London the ſeat of pleaſure. I have conſidered her attentively, her ſoul ſeems to illuminate her eyes; on her brow ſits the benignity of an angel on a viſit of mercy and compaſſion—in her perſon are realized all the feminine graces of eaſe, proportion, and delicacy—her features are ſoftened by every intereſting, and animated by every enlivening expreſſion that can be thrown in them by virtuous ſenſibility. I am told, though formed to ſhine, ſhe likes not the buſtle of public life: ſhe endures it, but not enjoys it.

The firſt time I had the honour to ſee this paragon, ſhe was adminiſtering ſweet benevolence to a ſchool with inimitable grace.

The

The female eye is never ſo beautiful as when its radiance is ſoftened by a beam of humanity—motives to that ever-actuating beneficence, which ſtays not for the importunity of the diſtreſſed, but anticipates their ſuits, and prevents them with the bleſſings of goodneſs!—Like a ſweet violet, ſhe freely, and without ſolicitation, diſtributes the bounty of her emiſſive ſweets, whilſt herſelf retires from ſight with exemplary humility, in the abſence of her royal warrior, ſeeking rather to adminiſter pleaſure and comfort than to win admiration and popularity!—emblem expreſſive of thoſe modeſt virtues which delight to bloom in obſcurity, which extend their chearing influence to multitudes, who are ſcarce yet acquainted with the ſource of their comfort.

Agreeable to Miſs *Howe's* requeſt, I called on Miſs *Lennox*, and, ſending up my name, was immediately admitted. I found her in deep mourning for her father, amuſing herſelf with painting an elegant crape-trimming for Mrs. *Goodall*. When ſhe ſaw me, a deep

bluſh

bluſh dyed her cheeks—ſhe has never been remarkable for beauty, but is irreſiſtibly pleaſing, though over-ſhadowed with melancholy and adorned by ſenſibility,—her fine dark hair ſhe had endeavoured to confine under a ſmall lawn cap, but it had broke from its bondage, and played in wanton ringlets round her face. I delivered Miſs *Howe's* letter, and, at the ſame time, offered my friendſhip and purſe, as ſhe might be in want of caſh, owing to her loſs of cloaths; the latter ſhe declined accepting, with grateful acknowledgments. When I think of her preſent dependent ſituation, without the protection of her parents, I tremble for her—when I ſee that elegance of perſon, and that tender and melancholy air, ſtrongly expreſſive of the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility, I have fears for her I cannot conquer: yet I am firmly convinced of the goodneſs of her heart, though I am not certain, but that very goodneſs of heart, may have been, from an unhappy concurrence of circumſtances her chief misfortune. Some of the old maiden aunts,

aunts that viſit here, I find, think Miſs *Lennox* no better than ſhe ſhould be; but either ſomebody has ſaid it, or the idea is from *Shenſtone*, " thoſe are moſtly the beſt people whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers, as we uſually ſee the beſt fruit is what the birds have been pecking at." Her eyes ſpeak the language of truth and innocence. I am quite charmed with your deſcription of Woodland Cottage, and the beauties it contains. *Evelina!* the ſweet *Evelina!* I am prepared to admire; wit, beauty, and innocence, you ſay, with a perſon charming, and heavenly blue eyes— if ſhe anſwers the deſcription you have given of her, I will offer her a heart, a ſtranger yet to the paſſion of love, though a conſtant admirer of beauty; but if I find it deficient in modeſty and delicacy of ſentiment, it has no longer charms for me.

I found much entertainment from Mr. *Bateman's* letters, which you was ſo obliging as to encloſe; and, from the deſcription of the Iſle of Man, know not a place in the world I would

I would prefer to ſettle in; the ſoil is healthy, proviſion cheap, the country delightfully pleaſant, the inhabitants ſociable and agreeable: with theſe advantages I could enjoy every luxury of life, in a more ſuperior ſtyle than I could poſſibly do in London.

Should I marry, I ſhall be with you in a few days. Say every thing for me to the ladies: and believe me,

Sincerely your's,

CHARLES WILDING.

LETTER IX.

Miſs LENNOX to Mrs. NORMAN, at Strebane.

Berkeley Square.

EVERY mark of your friendſhip, my dear Madam, muſt be particularly pleaſing to one that knows your worth as I do; I have, therefore, to thank you as well for your kind

letters as for thoſe obliging offers, which I ſhall make no ſcruple of accepting, if I ſhould in future have an occaſion.

When I came here, I gayly dreamed of happineſs; but, time that inures us to every kind of ſuffering, has ſtrengthened my mind againſt the heavy ſadneſs impreſt on it, by the account of the death of my dear father. With a heart exhauſted by affliction, and eyes that no longer ſupply tears to lament his loſs, I turn my every thought towards obliging you, my dear Mrs. *Norman*, by reciting my hiſtory, to that moment I had firſt the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Ely Grove. Oh why! too generous friend, require me to live over again my misfortunes, by reciting the ſorrows I have experienced. Alas! it is the dear-bought privilege of the unfortunate to be tedious. Fain would I avoid the taſk I am engaged in, but your ſolicitations and curioſity ſhall be gratified; and I hope, my dear Madam, the account I ſhall give of myſelf will meet with that indulgence, the

exerciſe

exerciſe of which is natural to you.—I fear ſome parts of my conduct will merit cenſure from the ſcrutinizing eyes of parents, and thoſe of more experience in the world than I was at that early period when firſt I left my native home: and whatever errors youth and inexperience led me into, the goodneſs of my intentions will, I hope, plead my excuſe: and I truſt my gentle reader will extend that lenity I am ſure to meet with from your partiality.

Know then, my dear Madam, the little portionleſs *Clara* was the daughter of a reſpectable and eminent merchant. Yearly his family increaſed with his wealth. The education he beſtowed on us was equal to the fortune he meant to give us: But, all of a ſudden, unforeſeen and capital loſſes ſowered the temper of my dear parents, and made them urgent for me to marry a neighbouring gentleman, that honoured me with his addreſſes, to whom I had the greateſt diſlike, my heart being attached to the merits of an amiable young man, of a re-

ſpectable family and fortune. Our affections were mutual—but it was our fate to be ſeparated by the cruelty of his parents, whoſe ambitious, and ſelfiſh views ſoared higher than the daughter of a merchant.—Never being ſo happy as to be a favourite of my mother, and her continual ſolicitations to force me to a marriage my ſoul deteſted, made my life inſupportable, as it was frequently the cauſe of little altercations, which made my parents unhappy, and your *Clara* ſtill more ſo—and compelled me to ſeek an aſylum in a diſtant country. With a heart oppreſt with grief and fear, I ſat down to acquaint my dear *Henry* with my unhappy ſituation.—At that moment I received the following letter from him.

" Mr. WALPOOL to Miſs LENNOX.

" HOW diſappointed, my dear Miſs *Lennox*, was your *Henry*, at not meeting you at the aſſembly laſt night! I had a thouſand things

things to ſay to you—and flattered myſelf with an opportunity, as the Major had kindly undertaken to draw my ſiſter's attention from us.—But ſay, my dear *Clara*, you will receive my letters, and anſwer them—Can you deny me?—Such a needleſs reſerve would, in my preſent circumſtances, abſolutely drive me to deſpair—for I am under the neceſſity of leaving my beloved *Clara*. By my uncle's invitation, and my father's commands, I am to ſail for India in a few days. Judge then what will become of me, during my baniſhment, if you refuſe me the conſolation of putting you ſometimes in mind of your abſent lover.—Dare I rely on the conſtancy you allowed me to flatter myſelf with!—I tremble leaſt a worthier object ſupplants me.—Surely my eyes may be indulged in one tender adieu! though my tongue muſt be ſilent.—Will you meet me to-morrow at *Major Colville*'s; I dine there; they, I am ſure, will be glad to ſee Miſs *Lennox*. They are to have a private ball in the evening; my father and

ſiſter will be of the party. Mrs. *Colville* begs me to aſſure you of her warmeſt wiſhes for your happineſs; ſhe expects you to dinner. I know not how to quit this new and delightful employment of writing to you; but I will no longer treſpaſs on your patience—will therefore, with the greateſt reluctance, at laſt, ſubſcribe myſelf,

" My dear *Clara*'s

" Devoted and affectionate

" HENRY WALPOLE."

TO give a juſt deſcription of the various emotions that ſucceſſively took poſſeſſion of my ſoul on reading this letter, would require the pen of a *Richardſon*. Agreeable to Mr. *Walpole*'s requeſt, I waited on Mrs. *Colville*: dreſſed in ſimple lawn, lilac ribbon, a white chip hat, and a black lace cloak: a dreſs my *Henry* had often admired. They were juſt ſitting down to dinner, the frizeurs having done their utmoſt to render them

them perfectly charming. Immediately after the cloth was removed, Mr. *W*. retired to make some alteration in his dress, having rode out that morning; the business of the toilet was soon dispatched by *Henry*; he is at all times elegant and genteel; and he re-entered the dancing-room, a full hour before the ladies were ready. The interval gave time for reflection even to madness.—He then approached me in the most graceful manner, and, with every delicacy of sentiment, assured me of his most fervent love and friendship. How charming did the minutes glide away! He fain would have prevailed on me to consent to a secret marriage; but as he was solely dependent on his father, my heart rejected the idea of leading my *Henry* into distress, or being treated with indignity by a family I esteemed. We mutually agreed never to marry while the other was single, but to wait for happier prospects.—On his father's arrival, I took a long, a last adieu of all I held dear on earth.—While my lover, with a faulter-

ing voice, and the tear glittering in his eye, bid me farewel!—I retired to ſolitude to give way to my tears—In vain did my dear parents intreat me to accept the offered hand of Mr. *Tarleton*, who now became hateful to my ſight, and I longed to get rid of my preſent embarraſſment, and the importunities of a man it was impoſſible for me to love; which incenſed my parents, and induced my mother to ſeek for faults in my conduct, as an excuſe for her reproofs; and which compelled me to the raſh ſtep I took to ſeek an aſylum in a diſtant country.—In the dead of night, when the family were lulled to reſt, I eloped from my paternal home.—Having engaged the Captain of the veſſel, and taken my favourite ſervant with me, I was handed on board the ſhip, and in a few hours was out of ſight of that manſion that contained the authors of my being.—Here, my dear Madam, let me drop a tear at the remembrance of what I felt, at that moment, for

my

my honoured parents.—After a dangerous paſſage we landed in England. I took the firſt opportunity to write to my father, to beg his forgiveneſs for the pain I had given his worthy heart—and the reſolution I had taken to place myſelf under the protection of ſome good lady.

I ſoon heard of an eligible ſituation, with a maiden lady, who was in want of a companion: She was a branch of the noble *Earl of D*——'s family. I waited on her immediately, and informed her, with the utmoſt candor, my reaſons for ſeeking her protection. I was received by this charming woman with all that eaſy politeneſs—that high-bred delicacy—that ſo much diſtinguiſhes the woman of faſhion. With her I lived three happy years, the friend of her heart; my employment was to read to her, and attend her in the carriage—equally attentive to my happineſs as to the improvement of my mind—It was here I contracted a friendſhip for Miſs *Harriet Hervey*, who was on a viſit, with an aunt of her's, a clergy-

man's widow, in the neighbourhood. Her eaſy addreſs and agreeable manner prejudiced me in her favor. She often ſpoke of Mr. *Walpole*, who was a pupil of her uncle, with a warmth of friendſhip that alarmed me. I cautioned her againſt indulging a growing partiality for a man whoſe affections were already engaged. I unguardedly opened my heart, and informed her of our mutual attachment. The ſimplicity with which ſhe confeſſed her eſteem for a man, whoſe innocent ſports ſhe had revelled in with his ſiſter, in his youthful days, raiſed her in my opinion; and, having then juſt received a letter from my *Henry*, allowed her to peruſe it. Being earneſtly deſirous, ſoon after, to ſee my native home, I entreated my benefactreſs's permiſſion to pay my honored parents a viſit. With reluctance this dear friend conſented to my abſence for a few months. Placing an unlimited confidence in Miſs *Hervey*'s friendſhip, I had requeſted Mr. *Walpole* to direct my letters, for the future, to her care.

The

The ſame compoſition of earth and water renewed his addreſſes on my return home, and met with every encouragement from my parents. I was perſecuted with his fulſome love, and my diſlike encreaſed every day. The tender affection of my ſiſter reconciled me to many unpleaſing events I experienced. Grateful to her love, and attached to her virtues, I felt the utmoſt pain in parting.—A letter from my dear benefactreſs, urging my return, on account of her being much indiſpoſed, compelled me to leave her, being anxious to oblige my valuable friend, which offended that dear parent I now ſo ſincerely lament, and gave pain to the breaſt of a mother, whoſe only failing was an unaccountable unkindneſs and injuſtice to ſome of her children, from prejudices too haſtily imbibed. I endeavoured to remove the melancholy which heavily oppreſſed her mind, and, when the tide of paſſion and maternal grief had in ſome degree abated, "Permit me to go, Madam, (ſaid I) in peace; let my ſiſter ſhine in all the ſplendour of high

life; but ſuffer me to enjoy the pleaſures of an humble retirement, with a mind to which greater views are unknown." I then took a haſty leave, and, after a pleaſant journey, arrived at the hall; but ah! how was I ſhocked, my dear Madam, on being informed that my kind benefactreſs was no more! She had left me her picture, a mourning ring, and ſome of her moſt valuable books.——Here let me pauſe, and offer the tribute of a grateful tear to the memory of the beſt of women.

I immediately wrote to my friend Miſs *Hervey*, who invited me to ſpend the day with her. She had not the power to offer me an aſylum, but recommended me to a Mrs. *Allworthy*, a very reſpectable woman, who had apartments to let. With her I was very comfortable for ſome time, making diligent enquiry for a ſituation in a family. The impreſſion the death of my dear benefactreſs had left on my mind, joined to the abſence of my beloved *Henry*, caſt a gloom over my countenance and oppreſſed my heart

heart with the keeneſt anguiſh; particularly as his neglecting to write impreſſed me with ſome doubts of his conſtancy.

As I was one day ſitting, embroidering a ſatin baſket, Sir *R. P*——'s carriage drove by. "There goes a benevolent man, (ſaid Mrs. *Allworthy)* he never ſuffers a petitioner to be kept in ſuſpenſe, or treated with rudeneſs or diſreſpect; and his lady is equally good and charitable. I and my aged mother (continued ſhe) were once in great diſtreſs, and, for a trifling debt, were arreſted and thrown into priſon. We applied to ſeveral of our wealthy relations, who refuſed to relieve us, when the worthy Sir *R. P.* heard of our diſtreſs, and, having liberally contributed to our immediate relief, collected ſufficient to reinſtate us in our former ſituation. He is an excellent man, Miſs *Lennox*, (continued ſhe) I would adviſe you to preſent his lady with a piece of your work." I immediately ſat down and painted, on white ſatin, a group of the choiceſt flowers the garden produces, which

Mrs.

Mrs. *Allworthy* obligingly conveyed, together with a reſpectful note, which *Lady P.* condeſcendingly anſwered by a polite invitation to call the next morning.

Her Ladyſhip, with all the graces of feminine delicacy, poſſeſſes a degree of penetration ſuperior to her ſex. Her birth and fortune were among the leaſt of her recommendations to the affections of her huſband; ſhe is the enlivening companion of his domeſtic hours, and the chief comfort of his heart.

On my admiſſion to her Ladyſhip ſhe received me with a graceful ſmile, aſſured me of her recommendation, and ſoothed me with the moſt flattering hopes. She then preſented me with a ſealed paper, which, on opening, I found contained a very liberal preſent. This benignant conduct of her Ladyſhip raiſed in my breaſt the moſt lively emotions of gratitude, and awakened the dormant rays of hope.

On my return home I heard of a lady who wanted a companion. I waited on her the

the next morning, and offered myſelf a candidate for the ſituation. She was leaning on a ſofa, in a careleſs attitude, paring her nails; and near her ſat an officer, with a book in his hand. She appeared to be handſome, but had neither elegance or grace. "Who recommended you, young woman, (ſaid ſhe) with a look of contempt? Can you read well, draw, and work with your needle? I ſhall expect you to dreſs my hair occaſionally, and make my millinery. What nobleman's family have you lived in as upper ſervant?" continued ſhe with, an haughty air that froze my heart. I informed her, with a tearful eye, I had never yet lived in that capacity; but, if ſhe would take me, I would do all in my power to merit her good opinion. "Do you think, my dear Colonel, that the creature will do?" ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the gentleman; who ſmiled his approbation, and was pleaſed to ſay, he thought I ſhould make an agreeable companion.

Highly diſpleaſed at his favorable opinion

nion of your *Clara*, ſhe turned to me, and, with an indignant frown, enquired, "*Parle vous François?*" I replied, that I underſtood but little of that language.—"Then how dare you offer yourſelf to be about my perſon! Where was you born? You muſt have had a very vulgar education! Every body ſpeaks French now! Go, (continued ſhe) you won't do for me." Mortified and diſguſted beyond deſcription, I retired from this lady, who I ſoon afterwards learnt was the daughter of a ſober ſedate citizen, educated by her grandmother, in the country, who had taught her a little ſmattering of French.

My good Mrs. *Allworthy* could not refrain from laughing at the reception I met with; but begged me to be comforted, and aſſured me of her friendſhip——but Mrs. *Goodall* has ordered me to attend her in the drawing-room to make a party at quadrille, whilſt ſhe pays a few ſhort viſits. On her return I found ſhe was extremely agitated—tears ſtood trembling in her eyes—I am more

more and more convinced ſhe never loved Mr. *Goodall.* She was ſacrificed by her parents, from avaricious views, to a man neither duty or obligation can make her love, though he wants neither affection or tenderneſs for her. How I pity this charming woman, thus ſtruggling with a paſſion ſhe cannot conquer. But love, like the enwrithed ſerpent, only compreſſes the heart more cloſely for every effort we make to ſhake it off. As ſoon as the pool was out I retired to finiſh the unpleaſant taſk I had undertaken, to oblige my valuable friend. I continued to work at my needle, and was greatly perplexed and uneaſy at Mr. *Walpole's* long ſilence.

I was ſitting alone one day, when the ſprightly Miſs *Hervey* entered the parlour; a young gentleman attended her, whoſe perſon was extremely elegant.—" I come, my dear *Clara,* (ſaid ſhe,) to diſpel that gloom that has taken poſſeſſion of a mind naturally lively—give me leave to introduce my friend, Mr. *Mandeville,* he is prepared

to

to admire you, (the young gentleman gracefully ſmiled his approbation.) Your *Henry* is inconſtant—ungrateful to your love.—For I am informed, by a gentleman lately returned from India, that Mr. *Walpole* is on the point of being married to a very beautiful woman—an only child—her fortune twenty thouſand pounds.—Did not *Colonel Elwood* ſay ſo? (continued ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the gentleman—he bowed) therefore forget him, my amiable friend—for your own ſake forget him—and beſtow your affections on a worthier object."—Struggling with my emotions in vain at this addreſs, a ſilent guſh of anguiſh filled an interval that laſted a few moments.—" Charming Miſs *Lennox*! (ſaid Mr. *Mandeville*,) How I honour—how I admire your ſweet ſenſibility—permit me to ſooth your ſorrows.—My heart and fortune are at your ſervice."—Both which I refuſed, with a glowing countenance—but grateful acknowledgments.—He aſked my permiſſion to wait on me again.—

They

They ſoon after took leave of me—Miſs *Hervey* apparently diſappointed.

The next day I was invited to her aunt's, where Mr. *Mandeville* again took an opportunity to declare his paſſion, with all the eloquence of love.—I aſſured him of my reſolution to remain ſingle. Soon after I heard he ſet off for Dublin. At this period my good Mrs. *Allworthy*, who had been like a parent to me, was ſeized with a fever, and in ſeven days expired, without a groan, bleſſing your *Clara*. On her death-bed ſhe fervently recommended her ſoul to that Being who had guided and ſupported her through life.—This eſſential duty finiſhed—"Dear Miſs *Lennox*, (ſaid the dying ſaint,) you are now launching into a world of temptations to vice, which approach you under the borrowed faſcinating form of pleaſure.—Guard with unceaſing vigilance your honour and your fame—exult not in the pride of your own virtue—nor triumph over the wretched fallen of your ſex, ſhould chance, at any time, throw them in your way.

way.—Continue to be good and innocent yourſelf—but pity and lament the miſery of thoſe who have forfeited that ineſtimable jewel.—Excuſe this advice from a dying friend—Almighty Father bleſs my dear Miſs *Lennox*."—And, in a moment, ghaſtly death ſealed up her lips for ever.—Tears rolled down my cheeks for the loſs of my worthy friend.—She had been accuſtomed to the manners of a gentlewoman; but, nevertheleſs, ſhe preferred the ſociety of uncultivated poverty, to the unfeeling affluence of her relations.—I ſoon found I had caught the fever, and was obliged to remove to the houſe of Mrs. *Miſer*, a relation of my deceaſed friend, but quite an oppoſite character from her's. By this artful and unfeeling woman, I was treated with every diſreſpect. My fever increaſing by the report of *Henry*'s marriage, when Miſs *H.* to convince me of the truth, brought with her a gentleman from India, who I ſoon found to be the ſame I had ſeen with the city lady, when I offered myſelf as an humble friend

friend and companion. I was ſoon after confined to my bed, inſenſible of my wretched ſituation, without one kind friend to comfort my bleeding heart.—I was now without money or friends, and at additional expences; and hourly inſulted by Mrs. *Miſer* for the money I owed her for my board. I wrote to my friend *Harriet*, and received the following anſwer.

" Miſs HERVEY to Miſs LENNOX.

" MY DEAR CLARA,

"MY heart is diſtreſſed to the higheſt degree, at the painful ſituation I leave you in; and that it is not in my power to ſend you any caſh, being ſolely dependent on my aunt. Oh! my amiable friend, what a fate is your's?—But I have no time at preſent either for condolence or advice. I ſhall ſet off for Scotland in a few hours, and ſhall write to you from thence. *Colonel Elwood*, who

who you ſaw with me, admires and greatly feels for you: he has a noble fortune, and a generous heart, and he will endeavour to ſoften your ſorrows in my abſence. Adieu, my dear friend; and believe whatever pain I have had the misfortune to give your generous heart, your happineſs is as dear to me as that of

" Your affectionate

" HARRIET HERVEY."

I ENDEAVOURED to arrange my ſcattered thoughts after peruſing her letter, but vain was the attempt.—How often did I condemn myſelf for leaving my father's hoſpitable roof!—and hoped my ſorrows, my miſeries and penitence, would expiate the crime.—I then wrote to Lady *P.* and informed her of my unhappy ſituation. She was leaving England; but, with her uſual goodneſs, ſhe aſſiſted me, which kept my landlady quiet for a few days.

As

As I ſat up in bed one day, weak and trembling, ſupported by the ſervant, who was giving me a draught, Mrs. *Miſer* entered the room, with *Colonel Elwood*, who I found lodged now in the houſe. " The noble *Colonel*, (ſaid ſhe, introducing him,) has come to offer you his purſe and protection; conſider your forlorn diſtreſſed ſituation—he will diſcharge my bill, and protect you on condition that you accept his propoſals—but if you refuſe it Madam, it ſhall be worſe for you."—" Good Heaven! (cried I,) was there ever ſo inſolent a wretch!—Leave me or I ſhall not be able to command my temper!"—How grieved was I at that moment for my good Mrs. *Allworthy*!—On his approaching my bed, and declaring his paſſion for me, my weak agitated ſpirits quite forſook me, and I fainted in the arms of the ſervant; who aſſured me on recovering, that he left the room immediately; but he offered to pay the debt if I would receive his viſits. This faithful ſervant, who was an innocent country girl, aſſured me how much ſhe was

diſpoſed

diſpoſed to be my friend, and promiſed to watch the *Colonel's* motions, and thoſe of her miſtreſs. After taking a little white-wine whey, I fell into a ſweet ſleep, and waked the next morning much refreſhed. By the aſſiſtance of this honeſt girl I aroſe, and endeavoured to ſit up in an eaſy-chair. When my doctor entered the room, I acquainted him with the viſit I had received from my new lover, and my apprehenſions. "Deſpiſe his addreſſes, Madam, (ſaid the Doctor,) and ſhun his viſits, if you wiſh to be happy. I have heard his character; he ſports with tenderneſs; he trifles with ſenſibility; and pays adoration to all women, but loves only himſelf—proteſtations and perfidy are familiar to him.—At that moment the *Colonel* entered the room, and politely offered me his carriage to take me an airing, which I refuſed, with cold civility, and retired to my room, on the Doctor's leaving me. I wrote to my dear ſiſter, but I ſuppoſe ſhe never received the letter.

Early the next morning, on a ſheriff's officer

officer approaching me, I again fainted; but, by the aſſiſtance of a little hartſhorn, I was revived to experience a new ſcene of miſery. I was arreſted, and, with a heart torn with anguiſh, carried to the place allotted for me. We paſſed over Weſtminſter Bridge. The *Colonel* ſtopped the coach, and again offered me his protection and purſe. "Go, Sir, (ſaid I, with indignation, and a look that would have petrified any other man,) learn to reſpect virtue—let her paths be ever ſo thorny they lead to peace —we ſeparate for ever."—I had been but a few days in confinement, before I had brought my mind to ſubmit with patience and reſignation to whatever trials were ordained for me.

As I was ſitting one day contemplating my unhappy fate, my heart, over-charged with tender melancholy, gave riſe to the following lines:

Heedleſs of life's tempeſt'ous gale,
My ſlender bark with hope ſet ſail,

On ſmooth untroubled ſeas;
Some happy iſland to explore,
And reſt ſecure on that bleſt ſhore,
Which promis'd health and eaſe.

Awhile the winds propitious blew,
And brought me to a diſtant view,
Where the wiſh'd treaſure lay;
But future miſchief to foretel,
A cloud appeared, my joy to quell,
And damp youth's genial ray.

Trembling I ſaw the coming ſtorm,
Whilſt hope, with mild benignant form,
Forbid me to deſpair.
Encouraged by my pilot, I
Did each intruding fear defy,
And gave a truce to care.

But, ah! in fate's volum'nous works,
Where unforeſeen misfortune lurks,
My page of bliſs was croſs'd:
Omnipotence the word had given,
My feeble bark on rocks was driven,
And hope for ever loſt!

To melancholy ſince reſign'd,
No friend to ſooth my troubl'd mind,
All pleaſures I forego:
I drink affliction's bitter draught,
With every human evil fraught,
In nothing rich but woe.

Juſt as I had finiſhed this little poetry the worthy Doctor entered my room. "I am ſorry, Madam, (ſaid this good man, with a ſtarting tear) that diſtreſſed circumſtances, and the cruelty of your enemies, have driven you to this diſmal abode. I would willingly diſengage you from your unfortunate ſituation, but capital loſſes, and a large family, put it out of my power. Never let the virtuous, however, deſpond; they are the peculiar care of Providence. I have mentioned your defenceleſs ſituation to a patient of mine, a young gentleman of the ſtricteſt honor, and moſt benevolent heart. Hope every thing from his goodneſs."—Theſe bleſſed tidings kindled a gleam of joy in my breaſt and cheared my drooping ſpirits.

Two days I waited in the moſt anxious ſuſpenſe; the third I was ſeized with a violent return of my fever, which confined me to my bed. My worthy Doctor was ſent for, who immediately bled me, but my life was conſidered in great danger. As he was ſitting by my bed-ſide, a ſtrange voice recalled

my receding ſenſes. I lifted my dim eyes towards Heaven, with grateful acknowledgments, on ſeeing a reverend Clergyman humbly kneeling by my bed, and ſoothing me with the happieſt proſpects. "Dear Madam, (ſaid this heavenly meſſenger) be comforted; you will ſoon be reſtored to liberty, and I hope to health. I have waited on you, by the deſire of a young gentleman, to whom your good Doctor has repreſented your unhappy ſituation; he has deſired me to enquire into the debt—to diſcharge it—and take you away; but, as your health will not, I fear, ſuffer you to be moved for a day or two, permit me to beg your acceptance of a ſmall ſum in the interim;" laying a few guineas on the table. "I will diſcharge the debt, (continued he) and acquaint your young benefactor with your preſent ſtate of health; he is prepared to eſteem and reſpect you, from the amiable character *Doctor Robinſon* has given of you—He has ordered an apartment to be taken for you in a reſpectable houſe, where you will

will be taken the utmoſt care of. Truſt to the Almighty, (added he, in a ſoothing voice) He will never forſake you. I will call on you to-morrow, dear Madam.—— What think you, Doctor, will Miſs *Lennox* be able to remove ſo ſoon?"—"We will ſee what we can do," replied he, My reverend friend aſſured me he would bring a coach the next day, if I could bear the fatigue of a ſhort journey.

This worthy man fulfilled his promiſe at the appointed time, conducted me to the lodgings prepared for me, and introduced me to my young deliverer, who received me with the moſt gracious benignity. He took my hand, and, gracefully leading me to a chair, "You ſeem agitated, Miſs *Lennox*, (ſaid he) pray diſpel your fears; your worthy Doctor has prepared me to reſpect you; and his deſcription of your conduct and ſufferings has excited the ſtrongeſt emotions of compaſſion in my breaſt." He then ordered me ſome refreſhment, and retired with the Clergyman, having aſſured me that his

ſiſter would provide a proper ſituation for me.

Prepared by a mental calm for the happieſt repoſe, ſleep aſſerted a claim to thoſe hours fear and anxiety had long poſſeſſed. When I awoke from this refreſhing ſleep, I was moſt agreeably ſurprized to find my young benefactor leaning on my chair, and ſurveying me with a look of the ſofteſt pity. To find him thus tenderly officious about me, diffuſed the moſt grateful ſenſations through my ſoul. Near him ſtood a young lady, who ran over my features and perſon with ſo keen a ſcrutiny as convinced me that ſenſibility was not her characteriſtic — but ſhe was the ſiſter of my friend—She adviſed me to go into the country, till ſhe could hear of an aſylum for me; and aſſured me of her friendſhip; adding, that her brother was on the eve of marriage, with a young and beautiful lady, who might offer me an aſylum.

The next day the Reverend Mr. *Brooks* called on me, and propoſed my going into Shropſhire with him, aſſuring me of his tenderest

dereſt friendſhip, and fatherly care. To this propoſal I chearfully acceded, and parted from my benefactor with tears of the moſt unfeigned gratitude.

At the end of our journey Mr. *Brook* preſented me with a beautiful pocket-book, from my young deliverer, in which were encloſed a bank-note and his picture, which Mr. *Fielding* had deſired him not to give me till our arrival in Shropſhire; this inſtance of delicate and refined humanity endeared my benefactor ſtill more to my grateful heart. My conductor informed me, he was of a noble and ancient family; and that a treaty of marriage was on foot, between him and the lovely *Lady Angelina Meanwell.*— When we arrived at Brook-houſe, Mrs. *Brook* was feeding her doves at the door, with all that ſerenity of mind that an happy country life in general produces. I found myſelf extremely weak and fatigued, but the genial air of Shropſhire ſoon reſtored me to better health; and with my young companion, the gentle *Anna*, I ſpent many happy

days; frequently rambling by the delightful river Severn, and amuſing ourſelves with our guitars under a large willow-tree.

It happened on one of thoſe days, as *Colonel Lavington* and his charming conſort, with Miſs *Howe*, were paſſing by, that their horſes took fright. On hearing the ſcreams of the ladies I flew to their aſſiſtance, and by the help of a ſmelling-bottle, revived Mrs. *Lavington*, whilſt *Anna* contrived to bring ſome water from a neighbouring ſtream, that glided by, to Miſs *Howe*, who was extremely frighted. The *Colonel*, who had a ſlight acquaintance with the Reverend Mr. *Brook*, invited us to ſweet Ely-grove—happy day, that brought me acquainted with the moſt united family in the world.—Mrs. *L.* inſiſted on my ſpending ſome time with them, and my friendſhip hourly increaſed for the amiable *Louiſa*, whoſe kind partiality, and obliging attention to my health, convinced me of the excellence of her heart.

When I had been a few days at Ely-grove, I met with an agreeable addition to my circle

of

of friends, by the arrival of Mr. *Wilding*. A walk was propoſed to Brook-houſe, which was at the diſtance of a few miles, on the bank of a river. This little lodge is almoſt encircled with woods, which, forming a grand amphitheatre, ſwept down to the water's edge, and was bounded with romantic walks. Mr. *Brook* flew to receive us. The rural pipe and tabor were placed, at *Anna*'s requeſt, under the ſhade of her beloved willow-tree—the merry notes of muſic ſounded, and the mountains anſwered to their ſtrains. Miſs *Brook* produced her favourite lute, which had afforded me ſuch exquiſite delight on my firſt arrival at the lodge, the chords of which Mrs. *Lavington*'s light hand ſkilfully touched, and drew forth notes of tender ſweetneſs.

Loſt in attention to this pleaſing employ, we had not obſerved an elegant youth, who, with folded arms, was leaning againſt a willow, liſtening to the muſic. At length Miſs *Howe*, directing her eyes towards the ſpot, exclaimed, in a tone of ſurprize, "Oh,

what a noble figure!" The youth advanced with a ſmile at this little eulogium, but how great was my ſurprize at diſcovering him to be my generous benefactor! Immediately on entering the circle, he fixed his eyes on my inanimate countenance, and with a reſpectful tenderneſs enquired after my health. Alas! my friend, the moſt forcible expreſſions are inadequate to deſcribe the powerful emotions that took poſſeſſion of my ſoul. Suffice it to obſerve, that the united efforts of joy, gratitude and ſurprize, had nearly overpowered my weak frame. At Mr. *Fielding*'s requeſt I drank a glaſs of wine, which, aided by the tender attention of my kind friends, in ſome degree reſtored me to myſelf.

I leant on *Anna*'s arm, and we all returned to the houſe, after ſome converſation with Mr. *Brook*, who diſapproved of my young friend returning with us to Ely Grove; and hinted at the impropriety of indulging a tender friendſhip for your *Clara*, as he was on the eve of marriage with the lovely *Lady Angelina*.

Angelina. This unjuſt reproof offended my benefactor. " My heart is not ſo impenetrable (ſaid he) as to have with-held its firſt offering of ſympathy for ſuffering excellence like her's. The ſeeds of ſuſceptibility that nature has ſown in my heart, her ſorrows might have matured into a tender friendſhip, as you are pleaſed to call it, had I not been ſo ſenſible of the beauty and angelic goodneſs of *Lady A.* whom I adore, though I am not inſenſible to merit in diſtreſs." This altercation cauſed a conſiderable degree of uneaſineſs in my mind.

I took the earlieſt opportunity, after our arrival at Ely-grove, to thank my generous benefactor for the pocket-book and its contents, aſſuring him that the remembrance of his goodneſs ſhould ever be engraved on my heart. He graciouſly bowed, and ſaid— " The man, Miſs *Lennox*, whoſe heart is alive to every dictate of humanity, ſtays not till he is aſked to do a favor, but eagerly ſeeks out opportunities to render ſervice to mankind."—I then aſſured him I could no

longer ſuffer myſelf to be dependent on his bounty, as my health would now permit me to be uſeful to ſome lady, as a companion or governeſs.

"Perhaps you may want money, till you meet an aſylum of that kind, (ſaid he, preſenting me his purſe) let me beg your acceptance of this laſt token, perhaps, of my friendſhip!"—A flood of tears was all the reply I could make.—"Dear Miſs *Lennox*, do not weep," cried he, whilſt his fine eyes gliſtened. "How ſhall I return this goodneſs, Sir?"—"By never mentioning it."—Let me beg, (continued he) it may be buried in oblivion." He then took a haſty leave of me, and, mounting his horſe, rode towards Brook-houſe.

I ſat down under a hedge, while the violet and the lily of the valley perfumed the air, and reminded me of theſe beautiful lines: "Theſe as they change, *Almighty Father*, theſe are but the varied works of *God*—the rolling year is full of thee—Forth in the blooming ſpring thy beauty walks,

thy

thy tenderneſs, and love—Wide fluſh the fields—The ſoftening air is balm—Echo the mountains round—the foreſt ſmiles—and every ſenſe and every heart is joy. As I ſat muſing on the works of nature, my heart tuned to ſoftneſs, Miſs *Howe* approached me with a ſmile, and ſaid—" Do you know that gentleman that has juſt left us, Miſs *Lennox*? He is a handſome fellow, and has a military air. Tell me honeſtly, *Clara*, is he one of your ſwains?—" How can you ſuppoſe a lover of mine ſhould be here?—Indeed, (ſaid I,) he is not, Miſs *Howe*, he is a friend, I was ſenſibly touched."—" I aſk your pardon, (ſaid ſhe, drolly,) but your indiſpoſition, on his arrival, firſt put it in my head—You are, at this minute, *Clara*, an exceeding fine model for a ſtatue of tender melancholy."—Finding ſhe continued her raillery, I propoſed joining the company, when I ſaw Mr. *Wilding* haſtening to me, with a letter in his hand. On breaking the ſeal I found it to be from the worthy Mr. *Brook*. I hurried to my chamber,

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ber, as it required an immediate anſwer, and was extremely affected at peruſing the following lines.

" The Rev. Mr. BROOK to Miſs LENNOX.

Brook Houſe.

" I HOPE, my dear daughter, (for ſuch I muſt call you,) you will not be hurt at the apprehenſion and anxiety I feel on your account.—Your agitation of mind at ſeeing your generous benefactor, alarmed me—You could not ſpeak—but your ſilence more eloquently explained it.—I ſaw the riſing bluſh—the extreme joy, though concealed under a gauſe veil.—Oh love!—Exquiſite deluſion!—Captivating error—cheriſh not ſo dangerous a weakneſs!—Reſolve, by a courageous effort, to avoid another interview.—Let not, my dear Miſs *Lennox*, an over-ſenſe of gratitude be your fault—a vile Platonic ſyſtem be your ruin.—I will give you a ſhort deſcription of the Lady *Angelina*, his intended bride: She is about my daughter's ſize, and

to

to a form that unites the ſtricteſt ſymmetry, adds the wild unvariable graces of glowing health; She has ſtolen too, that penetrating and faſcinating ſmile I ſo much admired in her mother: Her voice is no leſs ſweet in ſpeaking than in ſinging, that in the firſt ſhe ſoftens the ſoul.—Shake off then, my dear *Clara*, your growing partiality for your generous friend; profit by the ſad example in my daughter, of a paſſion imprudently indulged.—You will think this advice impertinent perhaps, but I muſt reſt upon the goodneſs of my intentions to plead my excuſe. Follow the bearer as ſoon as you can, and command the beſt ſervices of that friend, who wiſhes your happineſs may be eternal.

" W. Brook."

" Miſs Lennox to the Rev. Mr. Brook.

Ely Grove.

" It is impoſſible to deſcribe, my dear Sir, the pain your friendly letter has given me. Permit me to aſſure you of my prudence, and

and Mr. *Fielding*'s honour.—I feel no other ſentiment for my noble, my generous benefactor, than a grateful eſteem.—Is it not poſſible, my good Sir, for friendſhip to ſubſiſt between the two ſexes, when founded on honour and gratitude?—Were the cruel hint you are pleaſed to give me juſt, you would be the firſt friend in the world I would tell it to. I hope, however, it is poſſible to eſteem merit without offending the moſt ſacred of all engagements.—I acknowledge I felt a joy—a grateful joy—I would not have you, my good Sir, to ſuppoſe, from a ſingle trait of caution in his conduct, that his mind harboured, under a maſk of friendly benevolence, ſentiments he would bluſh to avow! —No; Mr. *Fielding*'s ſoul is the ſoul of honour!—I am quite delighted with the deſcription you have given of Lady *A.* Oh, may no unforeſeen event intervene to prevent their mutual happineſs.—I will withdraw myſelf from this part of the world, and viſit my beloved ſiſter—In her faithful boſom I will pour out all my griefs—yet I know not what

what to wiſh, or do—Think for me, worthy Sir; and ſuffer my doubting mind, (that knows not which way to direct its hopes,) to be guided by your wiſdom, and unerring counſel.—I will be with you to-morrow, till then believe me to be, good Sir,

" Your grateful,

" CLARA LENNOX."

(Miſs Lennox in continuation.)

ON my return to the parlour, I found *Captain Parker* and Miſs *Howe*, throwing flowers at each other, which they had juſt been gathering, while the amiable Mrs. *Lavington* was ſweetly amuſing herſelf with her lute. Juſt as I was retiring to bed I was ſummoned to Brook-Houſe. I found my reverend friend overwhelmed with apprehenſions, and anguiſh of mind; and poor Mrs. *Brook* lay almoſt lifeleſs in bed. On obſerving me, (who ſtood weeping by her bed-ſide,) " I am dying, my dear Miſs

Lennox,

Lennox, (ſaid ſhe, looking mournfully around her,) I had flattered myſelf with the hope of ſpending many happy hours with you. Comfort the beſt of huſbands, and the dear *Anna*, who is inconſolable; her life is divided—" She was unable to utter more. I was happy to have it in my power to perform the duties of friendſhip and gratitude to this worthy family, by ſoothing their ſorrows. I continued ſome time with them, as Mr. *Brook* had ſuffered greatly by a ſevere fit of the gout.

At Mrs. *Lavington's* earneſt requeſt I returned to Ely Grove, leſt the melancholy ſcenes around me might oppreſs my weak ſpirits. At that period you arrived, my beloved friend; you know what followed—Brook-Lodge being then the houſe of ſickneſs and mourning, prevented you from ſeeing this delighful retreat.

I hope, whatever errors my wayward fate has led me into, my generous friend will draw a veil over that part of my conduct ſhe diſapproves. And now, my dear Ma-

dam,

dam, with all my follies and imperfections, can you, with unabated kindneſs, ſuffer me to ſign myſelf,

Your grateful and affectionate,

CLARA LENNOX?

LETTER X.

Mr. FIELDING to the Rev. Mr. BROOK, in Shropſhire.

I TAKE the earlieſt opportunity to acquaint my dear friend, that yeſterday made me the happieſt of men, by uniting me to Lady *Angelina*. I received my ſweet bride from the hands of her noble father, as the moſt precious gift he could beſtow. She has convinced me that if beauty is the mother of love, delicacy is its nurſe—— My charming bride was dreſſed in ſimple lawn, adorned only with her own native charms, for lovelineſs needs no foreign aid

aid of ornament, and when unadorned is embelliſhed the moſt.—Never did my charming girl look ſo lovely as this day; there is a ſweet confuſion, mixed with tenderneſs, in her look and manner, that is charming beyond deſcription.

As we rambled in the garden this morning, throwing flowers at each other, I catched a roſe, and, by an involuntary impulſe, kiſſed it, and placed it in her boſom. The ſweet warbler, in the moſt enchanting manner, ſung

"*No Flower that blows is like* this *Roſe.*"

while a lovely bluſh glowed on her cheeks. They propoſed a dance on the green plot, before the ſummer-houſe; my ſiſter, with great vivacity, danced a Highland reel. Thus happy in each other did we ſpend the delightful hours. The reſt of the day was ſpent in muſic, and converſation, of which I am a moſt intolerable monopolizer you know. I love the ſweet prattle of the ladies beyond all the ſenſe in the world; not that I would inſinuate they have leſs underſtanding

ing than we, or are leſs capable of learning; or even that it is leſs becoming; on the contrary, all ſuch knowledge as attends to adorn and ſoften human life, is, in my opinion, peculiarly becoming in women.

Amidſt the gaiety of my heart, I ſometimes think of the gentle *Clara Lennox*; I feel extremely for her defenceleſs ſituation; and wiſh my fortune was on a larger ſcale, to enable me to be an unknown friend to her: for well I know her prudence, and delicacy of mind. Do you, my dear Sir, continue to be a father to her; ſhe will ever value and conſult you on points of judgment. Fortune, and her wayward fate, however cruel, has left her in poſſeſſion of peace, innocence, and humility.—Place a woman of education in ever ſo obſcure a ſituation, you can always diſcover the gentlewoman, though veiled in the moſt diſtreſſed or plain garb.

The intervening thoughts of leaving my dear *Angelina* ſo ſoon, checks my preſent happineſs.—In a ſhort time I muſt join my regiment,

regiment, which is abroad; but I am ſure you will be of my opinion, that the man who has competence, virtue, and the woman he loves, will cheerfully obey the laws which ſecure him theſe bleſſings, and the King, under whoſe mild ſway he enjoys it!—I often wiſh,—ardently wiſh—for your agreeable company, which would be a pleaſing addition to our happineſs. But I muſt now attend the ladies; they complain of my abſence; though, in the duties of a huſband, I muſt not forget the claims of friendſhip, or be leſs the devoted friend of Mr. *Brook*.

FIELDING.

LETTER XI.

Mr. BATEMAN to CAPT. PARKER.

Iſle of Man.

I AGAIN reſume my pen to thank my dear *Parker* for his obliging letter from Ely Grove. I am happy to hear my mother is well,

well, and the dear girls. I took the firſt opportunity to go on ſhore, and enquire for my dear *Juliet*, I was informed ſhe was at home, and was immediately admitted into the parlour. She was ſitting at the harpſichord, and her lover was leaning againſt her chair, while the lovely warbler, and her fair companion, were entertaining him with that ſweet duet,

" *Hope! thou Nurſe of young Deſire.*"

Her fine hair was careleſsly dreſſed, which ſhaded her lovely forehead; the glow of pleaſure was on her cheeks, when I approached her; but, though her reception of me was flattering, yet I will not, my dear Sir, indulge ſo vain a thought, as I am convinced my heart muſt ſuffer the ſevereſt agony, at the final diſappointment of its tendereſt hopes.—I was hurt, and jealous of Mr. *Sullivan*'s tender attention to my charmer —We had a rural ball in the evening, which, I am told, the ladies are fond of. I had the honour to lead off the dance with the ſweet *Juliet*. If I had the happineſs to be beloved

by

by her—if ſhe was diſengaged—my fortune makes it impoſſible for me to marry her without reducing her.—I dare not aſk myſelf what I wiſh or intend.

To-morrow we expect a large party on board our ſhip; war prevents us dreſſing our cabins—I am ſummoned to ſupper—To-morrow I will acquaint you with the pleaſures of the day.

ACCORDING to my promiſe, I proceed to give you an account of yeſterday's excurſion. Early we ſent our barges on ſhore for the ladies, who were attended by ſeveral officers. After viewing our ſhips, and regaling ourſelves with cold chickens and ham, a little tour was propoſed to the rocks, which are moſt romantically ſituated. After climbing over ſeveral little rocks, which were partly covered with beautiful ſea-weed, we came to a group, which formed a ſemicircle, ſome of them of an amazing height, where grew a great quantity of ſamphire;

phire, and half way down there was a man gathering it; this is a very dangerous occupation. The fiſhermen who walked on the beach, appeared like mice from this high rock. It put me in mind of *Shakeſpeare*'s *King Lear*; it muſt be certainly here his *Edgar* ſaw the man gathering ſamphire, as it grows in great abundance; and is, I am told, the real original ſamphire.

Gentlemen frequently amuſe themſelves here with ſhooting wild pigeons and puffins, which are reckoned good eating. We rambled to collect ſhells, and ſea-weed, a great variety of which is to be found among theſe rocks. The ocean on one hand, with the ſhips ſteering different courſes, and the cavern grottos worn in the high cliffs, on the other, contribute to form a ſcene at once awfully grand, and pleaſingly romantic. Under ſome of theſe high rocks, the pleaſures and advantages of bathing may be enjoyed in ſo private a manner as not to offend the ſtricteſt and moſt refined delicacy.

At a little diſtance there appeared a ſmall

glen, with ſeveral pretty cottages, and fiſhermens huts, covered with thatch. On ſeeing a lovely boy at the door of one of the cottages, in a poor dreſs, *Juliet* ſighed—Her benevolent heart urged her to reach the houſe to relieve this ſmiling cherub: in endeavouring to aſſiſt her my foot ſlipped, and ſprained my ancle. "Good God! Mr. *Bateman*, (cried ſhe,) you are hurt, and I am the unhappy cauſe."——"Oh Miſs *Dear*! (anſwered I,) if you knew with what pleaſure I would dedicate to you not only the preſent, but the future time allotted me, you would not injure me by apologizing." A deep bluſh dyed her cheeks—We then entered the cottage, and, after bathing my leg, I looked round, *Juliet's* back was to me, I could not ſee what ſhe gave, but it was the manner not the gift that ſunk deep into my heart—A grateful tear glittered in Mrs. *Shannon*'s eye—Her huſband was ſitting in an affectionate attitude, with his arm round his beautiful daughter, and his wife by his ſide, with one infant at her breaſt

breaſt, and two others ſipping milk-pottage at her knees.—She looked, ſhe felt happy—her huſband, her children were with her—ſerenity played on every countenance—content had fixed her habitation there.—Mrs. *Shannon* is above the lower ſize, and had once been lovely; and even now, tho' pale, is extremely pleaſing. The ſweet boy ran up to her, and ſaid, "See, Mamma, what the good lady has given me, to buy you tea and ſugar with—to make you happy—She ſmiled, and bowed, but could not ſpeak.—"Will you, Sir, (ſaid the child,) thank Miſs *Dear* for me—Mamma can't ſpeak.—What do you cry for, Mamma?"—"They are grateful tears, my dear."—*Juliet* and Mrs. *F*——, who had joined in benevolence, conſidered the fair ſpeaker with looks not to be defined.

While *Juliet*, and her amiable friend, viewed the glen, I had ſome converſation with Mr. *Shannon*. I found him to be a ſenſible intelligent man, but cruſhed by adverſity; yet he aſſured me he was perfectly

happy.—" My wife, (ſaid Mr. *Shannon*,) is of a meek and humble ſpirit. Mr. *L*—— is a benevolent merchant, and his charitable lady allows us this houſe to live in, and a ſlip of ground for a garden, which produces ſufficient vegetables for our table. Mrs. *Shannon* endeavours to keep our little cottage, with as great a degree of neatneſs and ſimplicity as ſhe can; and her tender affection, and the kind donations of our worthy benefactors, render my humble ſtate happy."—What a luxurious repaſt muſt the human heart enjoy, my dear *Parker*, if bleſt with ſenſibility, in obſerving the effects of that benevolence which has rendered ſo many objects comfortable; a huſband in the decline of life, affording him a ſheltering harbour, after having, perhaps, weathered many of its calamities and ſtorms. From him I heard the following account of this Iſland.

" The Kings of Man, (ſays he,) for ſome years were maſters of the ſeas, till in 1263, *Alexander II.* King of Scotland, ſubdued

dued this iſland. From which time it continued tributary to that crown, till it was reduced by *Edward I.* of England. *Edward III.* beſtowed it on his favourite, the *Earl of Saliſbury*. *Henry* gave it firſt to the *Northumberland* family, and then to *Sir John Stanley*, whoſe poſterity, the *Earls of Derby*, enjoyed it till by failure of male heirs, it devolved upon the *Duke of Athol*, who married the ſiſter of the *Earl of Derby*.

A perſon then reſident in this Iſle, who is ſuppoſed to be the prejudiced author of the Hiſtory of it, had given information that the Iſle ſwarmed with ſmugglers. Government taking this into conſideration, a treaty was ſet on foot for the purchaſe of it by the Crown, which, in 1765, was concluded, in conſideration of the trifling ſum of 70,000*l.* being paid to the proprietors. In conſequence of this purchaſe, his Majeſty has the ſame rights, power, and prerogatives, as the former owners enjoyed. But the *Duke* ſtill retains his territorial property.

It is ſituated in St. George's Channel,

at an equal diſtance from England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Their curioſities conſiſt chiefly in ruinous ſepulchral inſcriptions; which, he aſſured me, are frequently dug up, together with ancient monuments of braſs, daggers, and other weapons, partly of braſs and partly of gold.

The fiſhery is of great advantage to this Iſle, as, he aſſured me, there was great plenty of cod, mackarel, whiting, ſcate, turbot John Dorey, and ſhell-fiſh in abundance: "And, (added he,) a man can live better here on a hundred a year than on four at Bath or London." It is of all places calculated for half-pay officers, as they can enjoy all the luxuries of life at a ſmall expence. I am more and more pleaſed with the people here, and were my fortune ever ſo great, I would paſs a part of every year in this Iſle. I took an opportunity to ſpeak to my *Juliet*'s fair companion—I declared my paſſion for her lovely friend—She aſſured me ſhe was diſengaged: and added, with a ſmile, "Be on ſhore to-morrow, my baſhful friend

friend, and I will give you an opportunity to declare your paſſion, in one of the ſweeteſt receſſes about Ramſey.

Early the next morning I attended the ladies, who were dreſſing to accompany a genteel young perſon to church, who was dependent on the bounty of the hoſpitable Mr. *L*——, it being her wedding-day; and, as the wedding was to be kept in the true original ſtyle of the Manks peaſants, I readily accepted their invitation to accompany them. This worthy man, who is rich in the goodneſs of his own heart, forgot nothing that could add to the felicity of the bride and bridegroom, by indulging them with the company of his children, and friends, muſic, &c. we had fidlers I aſſure you, for never was there ſuch a race of dancers! They played all the way to church, to my great delight, the ſcene being quite novel, and rural. After the ceremony was over, I was introduced to the bluſhing bride, who was veiled in a ſimple robe,—her beſt attire.—" Thoughtleſs of

beauty ſhe was beauty's ſelf."—To avoid the ſultry heat we went to walk in a charming receſs; and tea and wine were ordered under the trees, which, uniting their branches over our heads, formed a canopy, and caſt a moſt refreſhing ſhade. Under our feet lay a carpet of Nature's velvet, graſs intermingled with moſs, and wild flowers. The lovely *Juliet*, and her fair companion, had twined round the trees jeſſamine in conjunction with woodbine, diſplaying their artleſs beauties to the eye, and diffuſing their delicious ſweets through the air. On either ſide the boughs rounded into a ſort of regular arches, and opened to a view of our ſhips, and the bay: the white ſails, that glided by, made a moſt beautiful appearance, while the eye was delighted to wander over the fine lake—they afforded an ever-moving picture. The little birds, all joyous for the favours of the light, were paying their acknowledgments in a tribute of harmony; whilſt a French-horn from the town ſent its melodious accents, ſoftened by the length

length of its paſſage.—A dance was propoſed—In a ſhort time the avenue was incircled with peaſants. "Let the good people be welcome, (ſaid the hoſpitable Mr. *L.*) they ſhall all be partakers of our happineſs." He then ordered more wine, and chairs; and, while the ruſtics were enjoying the dance, I ſent for *Juliet*'s guitar, who drew forth tones of ſweetneſs, her voice accompanying the following air:

Now on moon-light's Fairy hour
Shall muſic breathe her dulcet voice,
And o'er the waves, with magic power,
Call on echo to rejoice.

The bride and bridegroom, and every cottager, returned to their home, bleſſing the benevolence of this worthy gentleman, who felt an exalted delight whilſt he ſurveyed the ſcene of harmony and joy.

I took an opportunity to declare my paſſion to the gentle *Juliet*, and lamented my confined circumſtances and ſituation, which prevented me from offering her my hand,

with a heart ſhe had been in poſſeſſion of from the firſt moment I had the happineſs of ſeeing her; ſhe heard me with an averted face, and bluſhing cheeks: I wiſhed her every happineſs this world affords with Mr. *Sullivan*, whom jealouſy ſtill urged me to believe ſhe loved. How bleſt will he be, Madam, poſſeſſed of beauty, modeſty, prudence, and ſenſe!—" Hear me, Mr. *Bateman*, before you judge," cried ſhe, riſing with a mild dignity, which gave unſpeakable graces to the bluſhes that every moment viſited and retired from her cheeks.—At that moment the Captain ſummoned me on board. Adieu, adieu, my ſweet *Juliet*, ſighed forth my diſtreſſed ſoul—To conceal my agony ruſhed from her; and in a ſhort time was on the beach where our boats waited. What a majeſtic ſcene was opened to my view, incomparably grand, and exquiſite. The moon like an immenſe chryſtal lamp; the ſtars like ſo many thouſand golden tapers, fixed in their azure ſockets, all pouring their luſtre on the ſpacious

cious bay, glittering on our ſhips, and gleaming on the rocks and mountains: charmed with the moon-light view I entered the boat.

Then ſhin'd the waves, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſt from all the ſkies;
The conſcious ſailors, joying in the ſight,
Ey'd the blue vault, and bleſt the uſeful light.

You ſee, my dear Sir, I am grown quite a moralizing poet—love taught the clown to ſpeak—why not to think?—As I got on deck, I eſpied one of our gallant veſſels returning ſucceſsful and victorious. Our little frigate was in a moment under ſail, gliding after her with acclamations of honeſt joy. We received orders to ſail immediately for Portſmouth, where I hope to hear from you before you leave Shropſhire. Say every thing for me to our friends at Ely grove, and accept the beſt wiſhes of,

Your friend,

W. Bateman.

LETTER XII.

Mrs. GOODALL to Mrs. NORMAN, near Strebane, Ireland.

Berkeley Square.

YOUR obliging letter, my dear friend, which I received this morning, reproved me moſt ſeverely for not writing to you ſooner, to aſſure you how much I thought myſelf obliged for your friendſhip, in recommending Miſs *Lennox* to my protection. I am happy to acknowledge ſhe poſſeſſes all the neceſſary qualities that contribute to form and embelliſh the underſtanding. You, my dear Madam, have often told me, that people are ſeldom ſituated according to their reſpective merits; nor is it always in great offices we ſhould ſeek for real abilities. I reſpect and ſincerely love her, for her affection to my ſweet boy. Her attention to my happineſs alſo, merits my beſt regard. I feel the propriety of her advice and your's: but, though I am ſenſible of Mr. *Goodall*'s tenderneſs,

derneſs, yet I begin to doubt the poſſibility of his ever making me happy; his good qualities being all of the negative kind—Do not condemn me for this obſervation—

I am not happy, my dear friend. Mr. *Barrymore* was the firſt choſen of my heart—our affections were mutual—I was encouraged by my parents to look on him as my deſtined huſband, though afterwards they cruelly forced me into this hated marriage. Am I not then more to be pitied than blamed?—Be not ſurprized, my beloved friend, ſhould you hear of my elopement. Mr. *Barrymore* is a man of the ſtricteſt honor—he will protect me from the cenſure of the world. There are a thouſand amiable women, who would doze away life with Mr. *Goodall* and be happy, which I never can.

I left him reproving poor Miſs *Lennox*, for receiving the addreſſes of Mr. *Mandeville*, a young man whoſe circumſtances he thinks rather doubtful. Miſs *Hervey*, her friend, pleads in favor of the young gentleman,

who

who, ſhe ſays, is next heir to a large eſtate in Ireland, and of an amiable character; and as Miſs *Lennox*, ſhe continued, is deprived of all hopes of being united to Mr. *Walpole*; (at the ſound of that lovely name *Clara* ſighed, and a tear dropped on her glowing cheek) her defenceleſs ſituation requires a protector, to ſhield her from the malice of her enemies, who have already begun to aſperſe her ſpotleſs reputation; and, ſhould ſhe looſe Mrs. *Goodall*'s protection, ſhe might find it difficult to meet with ſuch another aſylum.—This language, uttered with more than common warmth has induced me to ſuſpect that Miſs *Hervey*, under a maſk of friendſhip, conceals a treacherous heart.

Clara then turned to me, and with a faultering voice cried, "Oh, my dear benefactreſs, adviſe, direct my wayward mind, that knows not which way to direct itſelf, or how to act! The inconſtant, the once-loved *Henry Walpole*, is loſt to me for ever. No power on earth could have urged me to marry, had

had he remained ſingle;"—here a flood of tears relieved her oppreſſed heart. I forgot at that moment my own ſorrows, to comfort her's.

Juſt then I ſaw, from the parlour-window, an elegant youth coming up the ſteps, who, by *Clara*'s bluſhes, I found to be her ſwain. He is handſome, his manner eaſy, and unaffected. I heard him declare it ſhould be the ſtudy of his life to deſerve her love. *Clara*'s boſom ſeemed agitated with conflicting paſſions; long did ſhe heſitate between her attachment to her dear *Henry*, and reſentment at his forſaking her; but Mr. *Mandeville*'s proteſtations of diſintereſted love, the viciſſitudes ſhe had already experienced, and a fear of being again expoſed to a ſimilar ſituation, overpowered her ſcruples. She gave a ſilent, ſlow conſent, and was handed into a chaiſe, by the enraptured *Mandeville*, before ſhe had time to reflect on the conſequences of her precipitation. Sincerely do I wiſh that reflection may not come too late. Miſs *Hervey*, at parting, ſeemed

ſeemed to ſoothe her mind, with elevated proſpects of happineſs, and repeated aſſurances of friendſhip; but, as the Poet elegantly expreſſes it,

What is friendſhip but a borrow'd name?
A charm that lulls to ſleep?
A ſhade, that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

Mr. *Goodall* was quite dejected at the thoughts of parting with his favorite *Clara*, and earneſtly perſuaded her againſt ſo precipitate an union; whilſt my ſweet boy ſhed tears at parting with his beloved governeſs. I feel a painful ſenſation at the ſhock my elopement muſt give them in a few days; a ſtep, I hope my amiable friend will view with an indulgent eye.—Farewel, my dear Mrs. *Norman*; wiſhing you a continued ſtate of health, and every felicity, I remain,

Sincerely your's,,

LAURA GOODALL.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

Mr. WILDING to Sir ROBERT STANLEY.

Ely Grove.

I ARRIVED here this morning; and, after dining, and drinking too freely of the *Colonel*'s good wine, being impatient to ſee the ſweet *Evelina*, I ſet off for Woodland-cottage, accompanied by *Captain Parker*. After ſending in his name, he was admitted up ſtairs, being told Mrs. *Bateman* was extremely ill. I was ſhewn into a parlour, the windows of which were covered with woodbines, which perfumed the room.—Soon after, my friend *Parker* returned, leading in the loveliеſt girl I ever ſaw; her fine blue eyes were ſwimming in tears of apprehenſion for the health of her aged parent.—Can you not form, my dear *Sir Robert*, an idea of an elegant delicate female, in the bloom of beauty, whoſe features were marked with the moſt perfect regularity, while her fine auburn hair, in the moſt graceful ringlets,

ringlets, embelliſhed a countenance, in which ſweetneſs and ſenſibility were moſt charmingly united? If you can form an adequate idea of ſuch a figure you will refrain from wondering that the capture of my heart was the immediate conſequence of this introduction.

Miſs *Lydia* approached us with a ſmile ——the diſpoſitions of women are generally diſcoverable by the turn of their features—if this criterion may be relied on in the preſent inſtance, Miſs *Lydia Bateman* may be pronounced a coquette, who by her over anxiety to diſplay her attractions is frequently deprived of that admiration nature ſeems to have allotted her, and which the unaſſuming diffidence of her gentle ſiſter ſo effectually ſecures.

The charming Mrs. *Lavington* joined us; and, perſuaded *Evelina* to take a turn in the fields, to relieve her oppreſſed ſpirits. We all rambled to a rural ſeat, over-ſhadowed by hawthorn and honeyſuckles, where we ſat down to enjoy the view of a moſt

moſt charming landſcape. Mrs. *L.* and *Lydia* being ſoon after ſent for by Mrs. *Bateman*, and *Captain P.* having excuſed himſelf for a ſhort time, on urgent buſineſs, *Evelina* and I were left by ourſelves. I took hold of the ſweet girl's hand, and preſſed it to my lips with tranſport, the ſudden impulſe alarmed her ſenſibility, and ſhe ſtruggled to reſcue it from my graſp; but the palpitation which it occaſioned, joined to the ſituation in which we were, and the fumes of the wines not being diſſipated proved a temptation too ſtrong to be reſiſted. Folding my arms around her I imprinted on her lips an ardent kiſs. She ſtarted at the liberty, and, like the ſenſitive plant, which contract its fibres at the ſmalleſt appearance of violence, leſt the beauty of its aſpect ſhould be ſullied, or the nicety of its texture diſcompoſed, this coy virgin receded from all indiſcreet freedoms, and ſprang from me with diſdain. A moment's reflection having convinced me of the impropriety of my conduct, I eſſayed to prevent her flight, ſaying

"Oh,

"Oh, *my Evelina*, forgive your lover, whoſe life ſhall be devoted to atone for his miſconduct."—"*You* my lover, Mr. Wilding! (cried ſhe with a frown) *true* love and rudeneſs are incompatible—a lover would *protect* the honor of the object beloved;" thus ſaying ſhe retreated with precipitation, leaving me overwhelmed with confuſion. Oh, *Stanley*, I muſt heal this breach, for the ſigh that agitates her breaſt will agonize that of

CHARLES WILDING.

LETTER XIV.

Mrs. MANDEVILLE to Miſs HOWE.

Portland-ſtreet.

IN the midſt of hurry and joy, I have ſtolen a few moments for reflection, and my favorite amuſement of writing to you; my dear Miſs *Howe* will no doubt be ſurprized, and, I am willing to believe, pleaſed, to hear her

her *Clara* is now the happy wife of *Horatio Mandeville*, whoſe tenderneſs and affection I have hourly freſh proofs of. After the viciſſitudes I have experienced, I would fain flatter myſelf with proſpects of ſubſtantial happineſs, but an intervening thought of my *Henry* will dart acroſs my mind and damp the ardour of hope! Is it not ſtrange, my amiable friend, that he ſhould withdraw his affections without deigning to aſſign any reaſon. His firſt letter, after his arrival in India, was filled with expreſſions of the tendereſt eſteem, and repeated aſſurances of conſtancy—I cannot doubt the friendſhip of Miſs *Hervey*, nor the integrity of her heart—ſurely I have not been too raſh—but into what an inextricable labyrinth am I wandering?—the bare poſſibility makes me ſhudder!—But let me recollect that I am now the wife of another, and that duty, honour, gratitude, all combine to render farther thoughts of him improper; yes, my amiable friend I will exterminate him from my heart, though my life become the ſacrifice.

ſacrifice.—I have entered into a moſt ſacred engagement, and will perform my duty.

My preſent happineſs is rather damped by a letter I have received from my worthy friend Mr. *Brook*, who informs me that the noble and benevolent huſband of the charming *Lady Angelina* now lies dangerouſly ill abroad. You remember ſeeing him once at Ely-grove, when his elegant figure drew your attention; but his heart, *Louiſa*, is an inexhauſtible treaſure.

I called yeſterday in Berkeley-ſquare, to pay my reſpects to my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. *Goodall*. I found my dear benefactreſs had eloped with Mr. *Barrymore*, and poor Mr. *G.* quite inconſolable. With a voice agitated by different paſſions, he gently reproved me for my haſty marriage, but inſiſted on my dining with him, and with repeated offers of friendſhip aſſured me he had my intereſt ſincerely at heart. His infant ſon ran up to me, his little heart almoſt broke with crying for his dear mamma. I endeavoured to compoſe the ſweet cherub

by

by every means in my power, in which I happily ſucceeded. The attitude he was in induced me to attempt his picture, I took out my pencil and had the good fortune to take a ſtriking likeneſs. I have encloſed it to you; you cannot copy a more beautiful model.

I hope you will make *Captain P.* happy before he ſails, as I hear he is ſo well recovered from the ſevere fit of the gout which confined him on ſhore; he deſerves you, amiable as you are, though you ſometimes play cruelly with his tenderneſs. I have often been aſtoniſhed that a perſon of your amiable diſpoſition can delight in tormenting a heart that adores you: aſſure him of my beſt wiſhes. That every happineſs may attend my friend, and all belonging to her, is the ardent wiſh of,

Her grateful and affectionate,

CLARA MANDEVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Mr. BARRYMORE to LORD BELMONT,

St. James's-ſtreet.

I HAVE juſt received your Lordſhip's letter, and am ſorry to hear of the little accident that confines you at preſent to the houſe. I met with a pleaſing adventure as I rode out yeſterday to Chelſea.—I ſaw the lovely Mrs. *Goodall* hurrying acroſs a field to her carriage. I had not ſeen her ſince our interview in Kenſington-gardens, which had given her ſo much pain. Fixing my eyes on her graceful form, and at the ſame time catching her hand, as ſhe endeavoured to paſs me,—"Do not imagine, moſt beloved of women (ſaid I) that time or circumſtances can obliterate the ſmalleſt trace of affection for my *Laura* from my breaſt; no, the cruel diſappointment we have experienced has only tended to encreaſe that hopeleſs paſſion which death alone can cure."

She

She ſighed—we then reached the ſtile.—I aſſiſted her to get over. "Farewel, Mr. *Barrymore!* (ſaid ſhe, with a faultering voice.) I will not treſpaſs on your kindneſs farther; I have no fears; I ſee my ſervant"—I ſtill held her trembling hand incloſed in mine, which ſhe endeavoured to diſengage; adding ſoftly, "Mr. *Goodall* waits for me in the carriage; I will remember your attention as the kindneſs of a brother—of a brother, my Lord."—At that moment I forgot myſelf, and, in an inſtant, would have forced her away had ſhe not, with ſtreaming eyes, cried—"Good God! Mr. *Barrymore*, Let me go—Conſider I am a wife."—"Promiſe me then, my charmer, to meet me to-morrow, in Groſvenor Place"—I aſſured her of my honour, and protection—and that it was for our mutual happineſs—and, ſoothing her with the voice of love, prevailed on her to meet me next day.

Your Lordſhip may judge of my impatience till the happy moment arrives that will unite two hearts long devoted to each

other. I waited ſome time, with great impatience, in Groſvenor Place, for the treaſure of my ſoul, my dear *Laura*, like the miſer that ſteals in ſecret to his gold, and counts, with trembling joy, and jealous tranſports, the ſhining heaps, which he ſtill fears to looſe.——At length ſhe appeared. "Let us fly *Barrymore*! (ſaid ſhe,) I dread my huſband's reſentment.—Oh Love!—all powerful Love!—to what raſh ſteps do you drive your votaries?"—I did all in my power to calm her fears, handed her into the carriage; and, after a pleaſant journey, arrived ſafe in Yorkſhire.

I hear Mr. *Goodall*, highly enraged, is in purſuit of the fugitives, and her parents threaten the ſevereſt reſentment. Oh, why did they ſacrifice the young and innocent girl, from mercenary views, after encouraging my addreſſes?—The only quality to which parents attend now, is that of fortune; whereas a reſemblance of age, temper, perſonal attractions, and ſentiments, are the only taſte of tender friendſhip, without

out which no union deſerves the ſacred name of marriage. The very modeſty of women makes againſt their happineſs in this point, by giving them a kind of baſhful fear of objecting to ſuch perſons as their parents recommend to them.

I hope Mr. *G.* will ſue for a divorce; as in that caſe I will immediately marry her—Never ſhall ſhe have reaſon to repent the confidence ſhe has repoſed in me. We propoſe ſetting off for Switzerland in a ſhort time. I have written your Lordſhip a long letter, which I fear will afford you little entertainment. My dear *Laura* joins me in beſt wiſhes for your recovery. The honor of your company in our retirement would reconcile us to the cenſure of the world, and add to the happineſs of,

Your Lordſhip's obliged friend,

EDWARD BARRYMORE.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. WILDING to SIR ROBERT STANLEY.

Ely Grove.

I AROSE, my dear *Stanley*, the morning after the date of my laſt letter, with a violent head-ache. The idea of having offended the delicacy of my *Evelina* prevented me from ſleep. I flew to her on the wings of love, to apologize for my miſconduct, and with the utmoſt trepidation entered the room where ſhe was.

I found the dear girl alone, adorning a flower-pot. An angry frown overſpread her countenance on my approach, and ſhe attempted to quit the room, but I caught hold of her gown, and throwing myſelf on my knees, pleaded with the moſt perſuaſive eloquence love could dictate "Hear me, dear girl, (ſaid I) and ſay you forgive me; I am not ſuch a rake as deſignedly to offend ſuch angelic purity. I adore you for that delicacy which is the moſt amiable charac-

characteriſtic of the ſex, and could I flatter myſelf with your pardon of this ſingle inſtance of indiſcretion, my life ſhould be devoted to your happineſs; ſay then, my dear *Evelina*, that I have not offended beyond forgiveneſs; my life—my fortune is at your ſervice, it is not large, but if you, my dear girl, will conſent to ſhare it with me, it will make me the moſt happy of men."

I took her hand and preſſed it to my lips, which ſhe did not attempt to withdraw, while I again aſſured her that the happineſs of my life depended on her. With an enchanting ſmile ſhe pronounced my forgiveneſs; and informed me, with a gentle ſigh, that ſhe had no fortune, but was totally dependent on the bounty of her grandmother. This inſtance of candour and ingenuous ſimplicity rivetted her ſtill further in my eſteem. I then ventured to ſalute her, and conducted her to the foot of the ſtairs, bluſhing like a new-blown roſe.

I wandered up the avenue, muſing on my future happineſs. I endeavoured to give a

new turn to my thoughts, but in vain, they involuntarily recurred to the ſweet orphan. Loſt in reflections on this delectable ſubject, I had nearly reached the end of the avenue, when I was informed by a ſervant that my company was requeſted in Mrs. *Bateman*'s dreſſing-room.

I found this venerable lady ſitting with her head reclined on *Evelina*'s ſhoulder, whoſe expreſſive eyes informed me that ſhe had communicated the reſult of our converſation. This worthy woman, with an aſpect in which ſerenity and benignity were moſt happily united, ſignified her approbation, and invited me in the moſt gracious manner to repeat my viſits as often as convenient.

And now, my dear friend, as my fortune is on too narrow a ſcale to permit my continuing my preſent connections, when married to this dear portionleſs girl, I ſhall bid a final adieu to London; and from the deſcription I have received of the Iſle of Man, where I am told the ſoil is fertile, the air

ſalubrious

ſalubrious, proviſions cheap, the country delightfully pleaſant, and the inhabitants ſociable, I know not a place I would prefer to ſettle in. With theſe advantages I can enjoy every comfort and convenience of life, and when bleſt with the company of the charming *Evelina*, ſhall bid adieu to the faſcinating allurements of the gay metropolis without the ſmalleſt regret. I have already propoſed this plan to my charmer, who cordially approved thereof, being enamoured with the ſweets of a country life; and the lovely *Lydia* aſſured me ſhe would accompany her twin ſiſter to any part of the world. As ſoon, therefore, as the ceremony is performed I ſhall ſet off for that iſland, purchaſe a ſmall eſtate, and fix my permanent reſidence there. Mrs. *Bateman* has promiſed us a viſit next year, and the charming Mrs. *Lavington* will reconcile herſelf to the loſs of her amiable young friends, by a conſtant correſpondence. I ſhall ſet off for London to-morrow, and, as ſoon as my affairs are ſettled, will return to Wood-

land Cottage, where our marriage will be kept. My heart acknowledges the obligation of her having conſented to truſt the happineſs or miſery of her future life in my hands.

Your's ſincerely,

CHARLES WILDING.

LETTER XVII.

Mrs. NORMAN to Mrs. MANDEVILLE, in Portland Place.

WHAT apology can I make, my dear *Clara*, for my long ſilence? which ſevere illneſs has occaſioned, and prevented me thanking you ſooner for your obliging packet. I was greatly affected with many parts of your hiſtory, and can make great allowance for your inexperience at the early period you left your parents; and the light in which you viewed a marriage where there was no affection on your ſide, or the leaſt ſimilarity of

of ſentiment, or diſpoſition. Many young creatures are drove into errors, if not proſtitution, by being ſacrificed by their parents from avaricious views. Some part of your conduct has been undutiful, tho' innocent. I could ſay much on the ſubject, but am now to congratulate you on your marriage, which Mrs. *Goodall* has informed me of: may you long live happy in Mr. *Mandeville*'s affections; but do not imitate thoſe of our ſex, who, by an ill temper, make a huſband pay dear for his fidelity and affection. Let virtue in you, my dear *Clara*, be dreſſed in ſmiles, and be aſſured, that chearfulneſs is the native garb of innocence; in one word, do not loſe the miſtreſs in a wife, but let your behaviour to him as a huſband, be ſuch as you would have thought likely to attract him as a lover.

I hear Mr. *Goodall* is ſuing for a divorce. I hope Mr. *Barrymore* will marry her, otherwiſe ſhe muſt ſuffer in the opinion of the world. Adieu! my dear Mrs. *Mandeville*:

may your future days be happier than the former, prays

Your ſincere friend,

ARABELLA NORMAN.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs HOWE to Mrs. MANDEVILLE.

Ely, Grove.

A THOUSAND thanks to my ſweet ſuffering friend for her welcome letter. How long did every hour appear to me ſince I laſt had the pleaſure of hearing from you; but I will try to rein in the overflowings of my delighted heart, to congratulate you on your happy marriage. Long, my dear *Clara*, may you be happy; but what a ſly thing was you not to tell your *Louiſa* that you had even a lover—Now it is my pride to let my ſex know my power over the men. I generally have two or three danglers in my train; they are a uſeful ſet of creatures

at

at times. You ſentimental women have not half the pleaſure that we coquettes have; — though, with all your ſanctified looks, *Clara*, you have a daſh of it in your nature. I ſuppoſe you have been one of the refined ones. The melancholy accounts from the ſeat of war, obliges *Colonel Lavington* to be in London in a few days. He takes my ſiſter with him. Oh that my mother would let me accompany them!—I ſhall break my heart to ſee them depart without me!—I am ſure I ſhall never have ſuch another opportunity of ſeeing London; and, indeed, their domeſtic happineſs is ſo great, that it is natural for me to wiſh to partake of it.

I am certain this good-for-nothing *Captain P.* who has been here for ſome time, has ſpoke to my mother, who is very partial to him; and the honeſt man prides himſelf not a little in her approbation and conſent; but I am determined now not to have him. The gout ſtill prevents him from ſerving his King and country; he is to attend us into Yorkſhire.

I will carry on a flirtation with *Colonel T.* for I am determined to amuſe myſelf ſome way or other, ſince they will not let me ſee my dear *Clara*. *Captain P.* and I have had a terrible quarrel. We were at a ball laſt night, given to the ladies of the village, and provoked with my mother and him that they would not let me accompany my ſiſter to London, I, in revenge, flirted all day with *Colonel T.* who is at preſent in the neighbourhood. I played off all my airs and graces. Rouſed at my behaviour, and inattention, he offered his hand to an elegant ſtranger, who is the toaſt of all the men; and lately come to reſide here. He redoubled his attention to his partner whenever they approached me. This provoked me beyond bearing, as it gave the company reaſon to think I was ſlighted—You may be ſure I retaliated—We have not ſpoke to-day—He is quite in the dumps—So he may be—I can pout as well as he—Write to me, dear *Clara*, and comfort the heart of

Your Louisa.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

The Rev. Mr. BROOK to COLONEL LAVINGTON, in the Weſt Indies.

DEAR SIR,

AGREEABLE to my promiſe, I take the earlieſt opportunity to acquaint you that I arrived here about a month ſince. I found my worthy friend, Mr. *Fielding*, in a dangerous way, the ſurgeons fearing his wounds will be fatal to him, which he got glorioufly fighting for his King and Country. My heart grieved for the gentle *Angelina*, whoſe ſuppreſſed anguiſh of mind, and cloſe attention to the duties of a wife, I fear, will be too acute for her tender frame. Her youth, beauty, and innocence, charms away the dull hours devoted to an invalid. She dedicates her whole time to the cares of nurſing, and the pleaſures of entertaining him. The medicines he takes are made more palatable when adminiſtered by the hands of his affectionate wife—If diſpoſed for harmonic ſounds ſhe draws them from her guitar. His

fever

fever increaſing confines him to his chamber.

He ſaid to her one day, with languid looks, " Your tender attention, my dear *Angelina*, charms me; but I ſee, whilſt you are thus affectionately employed, that I am deſtroying a life far dearer to me than my own."—He then ſaluted her with great tenderneſs, whilſt a manly tear ſtole down his pale cheek: then folding his infant daughter in his arms, who ſighed, her little ſoul crying, " Papa, you will not leave us!"—" To you, my worthy friend, (cried he, in a faultering voice,) I bequeath theſe treaſures of my heart; do you protect and guide their trembling ſteps to England, nor leave them till you place them in the arms of *Lady Meanwell*: theſe dreadful dangerous times require your utmoſt care, marked by the threatened fate of a good and virtuous King, torn from a throne which long with every virtue he adorned!"—Theſe ſcenes of diſtreſs overwhelmed the breaſt of his mournful lady. She claſped the infant to her breaſt, and, with

with an impetuous tide of ſorrow, hung over the languiſhing bed, moſt tenderly ſolicitous to prolong a life important and deſirable. Her hand trembling under direful apprehenſions, wiped the cold dew from the livid cheek of my dying friend.

"I leave you, my *Angelina*, (cried he,) under a weight of cares; but the great and gracious God, who defendeth the cauſe of the widow, will never forſake you! Let this ſupport the wife of my boſom—(then ſoftly added,) be kind, my friend, to poor Miſs *Lennox*. Oh that I could ſnatch her from the ſituation fate has placed her in!—Aſſure her, thoſe who do only that which is right endure nothing in misfortune but a trial of their virtues, and, from trials well endured, derive the ſureſt way to heaven.—Farewel, my friends!" added he, fixing his dying eyes on his weeping lady, and expired without one convulſive ſtruggle. The placid ſmile of true benevolence dwelt on his features after life had ceaſed to animate my ever-honoured friend.

My

My attention was ſuddenly rouſed to the fair and unfortunate widow, who, with eyes overflowing with tears, was feebly ſtraining her infant to her boſom, praying the Almighty to beſtow on her every bleſſing. Oh powerful nature! (cried ſhe,) how do I worſhip all thy ordinances?"—" No fate, my friend, (continued ſhe,) can be wrought up to ſuch a happineſs but ſome interwoven ſorrow chaſtens us with the ſad ſenſe of our imperfections."—I deſired her to leave this melancholy apartment; and, taking her trembling hand led her out of the room; her eager eyes gazing unwearied on the remains of the loved partner of her ſoul, even till they ached with fondneſs. I haſtened to prepare for our journey; and in a ſhort time quitted the ſpot where the happineſs of my dear friend withered.

" Oh! let us fly this fatal place, my kind protector! (ſaid ſhe.) And may Heaven guide us ſafe to England!"—" Fear not, Madam, (replied I,) your innocence will be your guard—ſome pitying angel will attend your

your ſteps, guide you unſeen, and charm the ſleeping foe."—but what pen can deſcribe the horrors of my mind when we were taken captives, a ſad—a ſilent tear ſtole down her cheek, when ſhe conſidered our unfortunate ſituation, and the untimely fate of the good King, and his unhappy family. "Alas! the ſcene of death is cloſed—the mournful ſtrains diſſolve in dying languor on the ear; yet pity weeps, and ſympathy complains."

Had you ſeen the lovely mourner at this melancholy account, claſping her infant to her breaſt—Farewel!—A long farewel! ſighed forth her oppreſſed ſoul—"Oh moſt beloved! (cried ſhe,) whatever fate Heaven ſhall appoint thy unhappy widow, humbly let her obey the God that has hitherto preſerved her!"—A ſhower of tears then relieved her. I endeavoured by every ſoothing expreſſion, to calm the ſorrows of her mind. "Let us, my friend, (continued ſhe) enjoy the ſweetneſs of the hour, that bleſt air we are allowed to partake of as priſoners of war." Juſt then a dawn of hope revived

our

our drooping ſpirits, by the welcome tidings of *Lord Meanwell's* intended journey. My obligations are great to Mrs. *Lavington*, for her kind attention to my *Anna*, which will gratefully be acknowledged on my return to England; which I moſt earneſtly pray may be ſoon; in that pleaſing hope I will ſubſcribe myſelf,

Dear Sir, your's,

BROOK.

LETTER XX.

Miſs HERVEY to COLONEL ELWOOD.

WERE are you? or, what are you about? my dear *Colonel*. Leave your *H.*—I am impatient to ſee you—I have received another letter from the charming *Walpole*—a cold inanimate one—in return for the tender epiſtle I ſent him. He laments the imprudence and inconſtancy of his loved Clara: and aſſures me, time only can eraſe her image from

from his heart. That heart muſt be mine—I love—I adore the inſenſible *Henry*!—I believe I could part with that dear liberty I have ſo much prized—and with all my lovers beſides—to dwindle into that dull animal, called a wife, for his ſake.—He has been nobly ſupported ſome years in India, by an indulgent uncle, who is lately dead, and left him a large fortune; which circumſtance, and a bad ſtate of health, will, I hope, induce him to return to England.

He once doated on that dull ſentimental thing *Clara Lennox*, now *Mandeville*—thanks to my contrivance that ſhe is ſo—and for ever debarred from being the wife of the elegant *Henry*. No, *Elwood*; that title is deſigned for your friend *Harriet*, who will ſhine with ſuperior dignity and luſtre, through our well-planned ſchemes. She believes him married. The idea of being ſlighted by the man ſhe adored, urged her to accept the hand of young *Mandeville*, who I perſuaded into love. So far I have ſucceeded to my wiſhes; therefore, my dear

Colonel,

Colonel, be cautious what you ſay to this hated rival when you ſee her; for I have prevented her from ſeeing *Walpole*'s letters. You have now a golden opportunity, *Horatio* is in want of money; an unlucky hit of the dice has coſt him a few hundreds—His *Deſdemona* muſt not know it—Profit by this hint, and believe me,

Sincerely your's,

HARRIET HERVEY.

LETTER XXI.

LORD BELMONT to Mr. BARRYMORE.

DEAR BARRYMORE,

I SINCERELY give you joy in your preſent happineſs, which I intend myſelf the pleaſure of partaking of in a few days. My concern for the lovely *Lady Angelina Fielding*, has added to my preſent complaint, and prevented me from ſeeing you ſooner. Oh,

Ned!

Ned! this dear object of my fondeſt wiſhes is now a widow, and impriſoned—the ſweet *Angelina*—I would have flown to reſcue this amiable ſufferer, but that happineſs was allotted the brave *Lord Meanwell.* I have long been a ſecret admirer of her beauty and innocence, even in her childiſh years.

On my return to England, I found a treaty of marriage on foot between her and her now lamented *Fielding.* Honour! forbid me declaring myſelf to her then, and I endeavoured to conquer my fruitleſs paſſion. Fortune now favours my wiſhes, and, ſoothed by diſtant proſpects, I live in hopes to call the ſweet *Angelina, Lady Belmont.* You wrong me, my dear *Barrymore,* to ſuppoſe I had any deſign on the pretty *Maria,* whom fate had thrown in our way at the inn. The *Colonel,* on the departure of her friend and you, eyed the beautiful girl as a famiſhed lion roving abroad for food; ſeizing one of her hands, he preſt it with ecſtacy to his breaſt, and ſwore ſhe ſhould be his that night. Like a feeble lamb, trembling beneath

neath a lion's paw, ſhe ſcreamed, and diſengaging herſelf from his embrace, like a frighted bird, flew to my arms, intreating my protection from the rude and boiſterous man. Oh the glorious power to ſhelter innocence is ſurely, *Ned*, the beſt ſympathy, the pureſt joy nature intends for the heart of man!

The wine and brandy he had drank, made him eloquent; he kneeled—he pleaded his paſſion—while the lovely girl, with a glowing countenance, reſented the liberties he had attempted with a becoming dignity. But brandy felt not the power of offended innocence. With a ſweet bluſh ſhe aſſured me of her gratitude for reſcuing her from a man who had purſued her from place to place: at the ſame time I thought I ſaw a tenderneſs in her eyes that betrayed a dawn of affection for this deſtroyer of female innocence.

The chaiſe being ready I handed her in, and away it drove. High words enſued between the *Colonel* and myſelf for interfering.

Much

Much I fear he is planning her intended ruin. I greatly condemn myſelf for not protecting the poor girl till ſhe found an aſylum in the arms of her father, to whom, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was going. Adieu, *Ned*, I am ſo out of conceit with myſelf, that I hardly think I am worthy to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your Friend,

BELMONT.

LETTER XXII.

CAPT. PARKER to Mr. BATEMAN.

Ely Grove.

A RELAPSE of the gout, my dear *Bateman*, has prevented me, from meeting you at Portſmouth, agreeable to my intentions. I have ſpent ſome weeks at Bath ſince my return from Yorkſhire, and find myſelf ſo much better as to hope in a ſhort time to ſerve again my country, though I ſhall part with

with my dear friends at Ely-grove with regret. In vain have I tried to perſuade the charming *Louiſa* to conſent to our union; ſhe replied, with her uſual livelineſs, that ſhe had caught the flame of my heroic ardor—"When I ſee you (ſaid ſhe) crowned with laurels, and followed by applauding multitudes, then will I be your's, and your virtues ſhall juſtify my choice."—"Then have I another incentive to valor, (anſwered I) an honeſt ambition to ſerve my country has hitherto been my prevailing ſtimulus; but ſince your heart is to be the high reward, even danger itſelf will have charms."—"Go then, my gallant ſailor, (ſaid ſhe ſmiling) and may Heaven, with all its angels guard you from the foe." Company then coming in, I took my leave, mounted my horſe, and rode to Woodland-cottage.

I have the pleaſure to inform you that the ſweet *Evelina* is on the point of being married to my friend *Wilding*, who propoſes reſiding in your favorite iſland, and has written to a friend there to purchaſe a ſmall eſtate,

eſtate for him. They are prepared to admire your *Juliet*, in whoſe company they propoſe to ſpend many happy hours. Farewel, my dear *Bateman*, the hour is late.—That ſucceſs may attend you, is the ſincere wiſh of,

Your ſincere Friend,

THOMAS PARKER.

LETTER XXIII.

Mrs. MANDEVILLE to Miſs HOWE.

ALAS, my dear *Louiſa!* I fear my imaginary ſchemes of happineſs are at an end; my heart forbodes ſome dire diſtreſs; but I will not anticipate misfortunes, but haſten to give you an account of what alarms my fears. Miſs *Hervey* called on me yeſterday, and intreated me to accompany her to Drury-lane theatre, to ſee Mr. *Sheridan*'s excellent comedy of the School for Scandal.

My dear *Horatio*, ever ready to promote my happineſs, and to give me pleaſure, joined in the requeſt, and aſſured me he would be with us at eight o'clock; I the more readily conſented, as he informed me that the royal warrior and his amiable conſort were to grace the theatre with their preſence, being deſirous of paying my humble tribute of admiration whenever their public appearance gives me an opportunity to ſee them.

I was ſtruck with the glowing picture of conjugal love which preſented itſelf! how happy the proſpects, where two hearts are united by love and ſimilarity of ſentiments! Her tender attentions are not confined to any particular circle, but extend themſelves in a generous concern for the advantage of the univerſal race of mankind. To thoſe within her more immediate pale her affability and condeſcenſion are peculiarly ſtriking. How amiable appears her attention to her lovely attendant *Lady Anne F——y*, whoſe heart is ſuſceptible of the ſofteſt emotions.—

Often

Often has her eyes been ſeen melting in tears of ſenſibility, and her heart throbbing with woe, at ſcenes in which pity alone gave her a ſhare. Illuſtrious pair! may your happineſs equal your merits; and may your bright example ſpread throughout the nation till the ſons and daughters of Britannia be proud to emulate your virtues! —But I have rambled from the ſubject—— I waited with impatience for Mr. *Mandeville*'s appearance, and was much ſurprized to ſee *Colonel Elwood* enter the box inſtead of him. He bowed reſpectfully to me, which I returned with cold indifference. I expreſſed my concern for my *Horatio*'s abſence to Miſs *Hervey*, who endeavoured to divert my attention from him but to no purpoſe; he alone engroſſed my thoughts.— She then began to rally me on my fooliſh fears, while the *Colonel*, with a laugh, aſſured me, Mr. *M.* was extremely happy, for he had left him in company with a very beautiful woman; and I think, my dear Madam, you ought to retaliate for his inat-

tention, at this early period of his happineſs to ſo lovely a creature. Diſguſted with the groſsneſs of his flattery, and incenſed at his inſinuations of Mr. *M*'s inconſtancy, I turned from him with a mixture of indignation and contempt; before I had time to conquer theſe emotions, my attention was alarmed by *Harriet*'s imprudent coquetry, which ſhe diſplayed in ſo conſpicuous a manner as to attract the attention of all around us.

After the play was over, ſhe inſiſted on ſeeing me home, attended by her lover, as I really began to think the *Colonel* was. He reinforced her arguments, by aſſuring me he was going out of town, and had ſome previous buſineſs, of an indiſpenſible nature, to tranſact with *Horatio*.

Juſt as we ſat down to ſupper Miſs *Hervey* was ſummoned home, her aunt being ſuddenly taken ill. As the ſervant attended her, ſhe inſiſted on the *Colonel* bearing me company; this I highly diſapproved of, not chooſing to truſt myſelf, without a third perſon,

perſon, in the company of a man, whoſe principles dear bought experience had taught me to deteſt; but my objections were over-ruled.

We were no ſooner alone than, folding his arms round me, "Now my charmer, (ſays he) you have a glorious opportunity of making me the happieſt of men."—"Unhand me, Sir; (cried I) let me go; you are extremely rude!"—"Rude, Madam!" ſaid he, offering to put his hand in my boſom. "Yes, Sir; inſolent!" and, burſting into tears, aſſured him Mr. *Mandeville* ſhould hear of his behaviour. He then let go, my hand, and, falling on his knees, "Oh, forgive me, Madam! but think not I fear your huſband's reſentment; he is more in my power than you imagine. I love—I adore you—for this reſiſtance—it enhances your value.—Make me happy to-night, and I will extricate your *Horatio* from the difficulties and embarraſſments in which he is now involved." My heart ſunk within me at the ſound of theſe words, and I ſtruggled

to withdraw my hand, which he had again forcibly ſeized, when he exclaimed with vehemence—" You ſhall—you muſt—bleſs me this night;"—at the ſame time forcibly ſaluting me. I then endeavoured to reach the door, but he caught hold of my gown, and was proceeding to greater liberties, when my *Horatio* entered the room.

A furious altercation enſued between them, which filled my ſoul with horror, and at length I fell proſtrate on the floor. On recovering, I found myſelf in bed, and my huſband leaning over me with looks of anguiſh. He endeavoured to ſooth and diſpel the fears that tortured my wounded heart, and produced a ſlow fever, which was conſiderably encreaſed by perceiving that the tumult in his own mind was far from being ſuppreſſed. He then recommended a compoſing draught, and left me to repoſe.

When I awoke, my huſband, with every endearing mark of tenderneſs, re-aſſured me of his unabated love, and unlimited confidence

dence in my prudence. He then ſaluted me with the greateſt affection, and, having urgent buſineſs to ſettle, deſired me not to wait dinner for him, and he would ſend *Harriet Hervey* to keep me company. Juſt then a ſervant brought him a letter, which required an immediate anſwer. He appeared extremely agitated on peruſing it—ſighed deeply, and hurried out of the room. It has often been obſerved, my dear *Louiſa*, that the hours we paſs with happy proſpects in view, are more pleaſing than thoſe crowned with fruition; of the truth of this obſervation, I have had abundant experience.

A loud knocking at the door pronounces viſitors—Miſs *Hervey*, I ſuppoſe—I hear her voice.—Adieu! adieu! my beloved friend, pity and do juſtice to,

Your affectionate,

CLARA MANDEVILLE.

LETTER XXIV.

Mrs. Fortescue to Mrs. Mandeville.

My dear *Clara* can better imagine than I deſcribe, the joy I felt on peruſing her long expected letter.—What a ſeries of misfortunes have you experienced, dear unfortunate ſiſter! How many tears did your long ſilence coſt me! How often did I wiſh for the power to offer you an aſylum, but the malicious ſtories circulated by your ſecret enemies had ſo prejudiced the mind of *Captain Forteſcue* againſt you, that my moſt ſtrenuous efforts were ineffectual. I hope, however, that *Mandeville*'s affectionate behaviour and eaſy circumſtances will compenſate your paſt ſufferings, and render the reſidue of your life one unruffled ſcene of bliſs.

It grieves me to interrupt your preſent happineſs with the melancholy account of the

the recent death of our beloved mother. The dear ſaint, on her death-bed, called me to her, " *Matilda*, my child, (ſaid ſhe) I am dying—ſee juſtice done to your ſiſter *Clara*. But, ſhould it pleaſe God to recover me from this diſorder, I will atone for the unkindneſs with which I have treated her, to the beſt of my abilities."— I rejoiced to hear that her reſentment was conquered by affection and humanity.—" I tremble for the welfare of my child (added ſhe) and cannot die in peace till my doubts of her conduct are removed." I then informed her who were your ſecret enemies; and that every one doubted the reports, from the unſullied innocence of your youth. She then uttered ſome pious ejaculations, devoutly imploring that thoſe bleſſings which had been ſo abundantly ſhowered on herſelf, might be continued to her children, and expired without one convulſive ſtruggle.

My dejected ſpirits will not ſuffer me to add more than that *Major Colville* called here yeſterday, and enquired reſpectfully after

you. He had juſt received a letter from Mr. *Walpole*, who laments your inconſtancy. He is ſtill ſingle, and propoſes viſiting England next year. Oh, my dear ſiſter, how have you been deceived in Miſs *Hervey!* Much do I fear you have cheriſhed a ſnake in your boſom.

My little ones join me in praying that the Almighty may guide and protect you, and give you reſignation to his Divine will in every occurrence of life. I remain, with unalterable regard,

Your affectionate ſiſter,

MATILDA.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. WILDING to CAPTAIN PARKER.

Groſvenor Place.

AGREEABLE to my promiſe, dear *Parker*, I took the firſt opportunity to call on

on Mrs. *Mandeville* after my arrival, and was told ſhe was at home, but indiſpoſed, having juſt heard of the death of her parent. When I entered the room ſhe had a letter in her hand, on which her attention was ſo cloſely fixed, that ſhe did not perceive me for ſome time. On advancing towards her with Miſs *Howe*'s letter, a flood of tears burſt from her eyes. Diſtreſs, you know, my dear *Parker*, has ſomething in it unſpeakably lovely, and I know of no object ſo well calculated to excite the powers of ſympathy as a weeping beauty. I waited till the violence of her tranſports had in ſome degree ſubſided, before I endeavoured to conſole her. I then uſed every ſoothing argument which friendſhip could ſuggeſt, and concluded by aſſuring her that if any temporary derangement of circumſtances aggravated her affliction, ſhe might freely command my ſervices.

She heſitated, and with a faultering voice ſaid, I thank you, Mr. *Wilding*, but I hope Mr. *Mandeville*'s circumſtances are not ſo

diſtreſſed as is imagined. It is his abſence, and my apprehenſions on his account, joined to the contents of this letter, that now overwhelms me with grief. Oh, my ever lamented parent, had I been preſent to ſooth your dying pillow, and to receive your forgiveneſs and maternal bleſſing, it would have afforded me inexpreſſible conſolation." Here a flood of tears relieved her oppreſſed ſpirits. She enquired reſpectfully after all her friends at Ely-grove, and expreſſed the higheſt ſenſe of gratitude for the friendſhip they had honored her with. A thouſand kind things ſhe ſaid of your *Louiſa*, and congratulated me upon my approaching happineſs. Tell my ſweet *Evelina* I am impatient to ſee her. Say every thing for me to our friends at Ely-grove and Woodland-cottage. I ſhall be with them in a few days, till then, believe me to be, dear *Parker*,

Your's ſincerely,

CHARLES WILDING.

LETTER

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Brook to Colonel Lavington.

France.

CONVINCED, my dear Sir, by fatal experience, of the uncertainty of human happineſs, I endeavour to reconcile myſelf to my preſent unhappy ſituation, which draw tears in abundance from the ſweet widow. "Oh, my reverend friend! (cried ſhe,) the bright forms of love and ambition are vaniſhed, leaving no image for my fancy to reſt on but content." Then collecting her wild afflicted thoughts, and raiſing them in prayer, a bleſt compoſure overcame the agitations of her mind. The dear unconſcious partner of her fate, with many innocent ſmiles, revived her drooping ſpirits; and, devoted to theſe ſweet pledges of her love, ſhe ſought in them to looſe the ſenſe of every care.

My ſoul ſighed for the ſweet peace we once enjoyed, and with anxious looks waited for our liberty. At laſt the long-expected hour

hour arrived—the gates—the doors flew open—and the noble *Lord Meanwell* appeare .

You, my dear Sir, can better imagine than I deſcribe the ſcene of tender joy that followed. " My brother! my brave deliverer!"—ſighed forth the ſweet mourner, and fainted in his arms. He could not ſpeak—but preſſed his cheek to her's—when ſhe revived, their tears mingled. This amiable brother could no longer ſupport the idea that his beloved ſiſter was obſcurely pining away in confinement, while yet in the flower of her youth. Regardleſs of his own ſafety he flew to reſcue the oppreſſed widow—The claims of nature and friendſhip he here nobly diſplayed—He ſeized my offered hand, and exclaimed, " Welcome to my heart! thou worthy friend!—The companion of *Angelina's* widowed hours!—And the ſincere friend of her lamented *Fielding*."

When he informed his ſorrowful ſiſter that *Lady Meanwell* waited to receive her, with the impatience of a fond mother, her heart

heart expanded with affection—it bounded in the happy ſtate of her own hope—a ſenſe of ſafety and gratitude diffuſed through her ſoul.

We ſoon arrived at the veſſel, and ſeating ourſelves on deck, every hope was ſuſpended—The gentle breezes, on the white ſails, made the veſſel ſcud with a ſmooth and pleaſant motion, till we landed.—Sweet *Lady Angelina* then lifted her eyes devoutly to that riſing orb which ſeems no leſs to give light to the mind than the creation, and called on the pleaſing proſpect of the future to counteract the horrible impreſſions of the paſt ſcenes. Reſtored again to peaceful ſociety, her heart acknowledged the charm—the ſimple charm of liberty—And ſpringing forward, over-leaped every intervening obſtacle between her and *Lady Meanwell*; the beſt of mothers, whoſe arms were open to receive her; and on whoſe boſom ſhe let fall the ſweeteſt drops that joy unutterable ever called to aid its expreſſion. The ſable hue of her dreſs went to the ſoul of her friends.

friends. It was ſome moments before her ſenſations would ſuffer her to articulate, and even then the power of ſpeech was preceded by a ſhower of tears. She returned the civilities of her friends with grateful acknowledgments, and compliments and condolence flowed from every tongue.

At their earneſt requeſt ſhe attended her friends to the ſeat of elegance, where ſhe met the gracious eye of the beſt of women. When benevolence, which ſhot its beams from her countenance, re-aſſured her of future favour, her noble heart felt the ſweeteſt ſenſations of grateful reſpect, blended with love and admiration; and here only her beauty and modeſty could be eclipſed. Beauteous bloſſoms of a court, by your preſence rendered the brighteſt in the known world by the graces of your lovely forms, and the innate virtues of your ſoul, the eye of majeſty gliſtened at the ſight of a young and beautiful widow reſtored to liberty and her country.

Amidſt

Amidſt the ſmiles of pure delight, of exquiſite ſenſations, a ſilent tear ſtole down her lovely cheek—the tear of virtue that ſweetens grief to rapture.—Her doors were thronged with viſitors; but, in theſe ſcenes of ceremony and friendſhip, ſhe neglected not her friends, nor were the claims of diſtreſs forgotten, or the real ideas of the duties of humanity.

I ſhall take leave of *Lady Angelina Fielding*, and her worthy family to-morrow. And as ſoon as I have ſeen the unfortunate Mrs. *Mandeville*, whoſe marriage has proved ſo fatal to her peace, I ſhall ſet off for Ely Grove; where in the arms of paternal love, my *Anna* ſhall ever find an aſylum.

To you, worthy Sir, and your amiable conſort, I beg my fervent acknowledgments for your kind attention to her in my abſence. I ought to have congratulated you before on the birth of a daughter; may no unpleaſing event intervene, my dear Sir, to leſſen your joy, but every laudable wiſh

of

of your heart meet with the ſucceſs your merit deſerves: thus prays,

Your ſincere friend,

W. Brook.

LETTER XXVII.

Capt. Parker to Mr. Bateman.

Shropſhire.

I HAVE the pleaſure to inform my dear *Bateman*, that yeſterday united, for ever, *Charles Wilding* and *Evelina Bateman*. After the ceremony we returned to Woodland Cottage, where the marriage was kept, and the day paſſed with an eaſy tranquillity, a thouſand times more delightful than pomp and noiſy rejoicing.

Mrs. *Bateman* looked like a fine ruin; a heart-felt ſmile glowed on her face, mild as the ſetting-ſun on a ſummer's eve; and was thankful to that Providence which had raiſed her

her from a ſick-bed, to ſee her darling *Evelina* happily married to a man of merit; and talking of the dear hope of future happineſs with them on the Iſle of Man, in the utmoſt harmony. They will ſet off for that iſland in a few days: we ſhall ſee them depart with regret. They propoſe viſiting your *Juliet*, in whoſe friendſhip they promiſe themſelves much happineſs.

My friend *Wilding* has wrote to a gentleman there, to purchaſe a convenient houſe, with a garden, and park adjoining to it. I leave this group of dear friends next week, not able to prevail on the charming *Louiſa* to conſent to my happineſs before I ſail. With her uſual ſaucy livelineſs ſhe aſſured me, I muſt do more for my King and country before ſhe would wear the nuptial chains. "When you return home (ſaid ſhe) crowned with palm and laurels, then will I be your's; nor ſhall the loſs of an eye, or a leg, induce me to break my promiſe; but my heart could not receive any joy whilſt my *Clara* is unhappy." Enfolding her

her in my arms, I ſtole a kiſs to ſeal her promiſe.

To-morrow the dear girl ſets off for Yorkſhire. I ſhall accompany her part of the way. On my return I ſhall proceed on my journey to Portſmouth, and join the fleet. Fate ſeems every way now to guard our ſafety; that ſucceeding days may prove more ſucceſsful, is the ſincere wiſh of

Your friend,

PARKER.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs HOWE to Mrs. MANDEVILLE.

Ely Grove.

YOUR letter, dear Mrs. *Mandeville*, is happily calculated to awaken the ſofter paſſions: it drew forth tears in abundance from your friends at Ely Grove, which relieved my throbbing heart for your alarming

ing ſituation. Excuſe me, my dear, but I have formed a contemptible opinion of your friend Miſs *Hervey*, who can prefer the company of ſuch a libertine as *Colonel Elwood*; whoſe morals, though totally unprincipled, yet ſo *a-la-mode* that he is ſought after and admired, and is what the weak part of our ſex call, *the charming villain.*

He was ſome time in Shropſhire, and was ſeen in company with a very beautiful girl, who, I fear, is not his wife, though ſhe appeared in that character, at an inn where Mr. *Wilding* ſtopped for refreſhment; he and his lovely bride, the gentle *Evelina*, ſpent a day with us at Ely Grove: but a more intereſting ſubject now engroſſes my thoughts. Ah! my dear *Clara*, the gallant *Parker* has juſt left me—God of love preſerve thoſe whom no luſt of glory leads to arms!—How did his generous heart ſympathize with my unhappy friend.

Soon after I received your letter, *Anna Brook* and I ſtole down the avenue to lament your unhappy fate, he and my ſiſter joined

joined us. "I come, my dear *Louiſa*, (ſaid he,) once more to offer you a heart long devoted to you, the preſent times calls me abroad, will you bleſs me with your hand and conſent to our union to-morrow? I muſt leave you in a few days." The thought glowed on my cheeks—"Impoſſible, (cried I, my voice faultering,) I cannot think of happineſs whilſt my dear *Clara* is wretched." He bowed obedience, and looked ſurprized.

Thoughtful he walk'd, and ſpeedily he ſails,
Waft him ye ſeas, and proſper him ye gales.

"Oh, my *Louiſa!* (cried he) if I ſucceed—if, did I ſay, I muſt—I will—the cauſe is love—is glory—is *Louiſa*.—What then ſhall hinder our mutual bliſs if you but gently ſmile on your *Parker?* Inſpiring valour, and preſaging conqueſts againſt thoſe barbarous foes to peace and love ſhall ſoon be chaſed, and all be calm again. Then taking my paſſive hand, he led me through the groves, where,

where, with conſcious bluſhes, I heard again his vows; and ſtrove to hide, yet more revealed, my heart.

I write theſe few lines at the inn, whilſt the horſes are changing. I hope to be in Yorkſhire to-night. Write to me immediately, my beloved *Clara*, and tell me you are happier, to eaſe the heart of,

Your affectionate,

LOUISA HOWE.

LETTER XXIX.

The Rev. Mr. BROOK to COLONEL LAVINGTON.

DEAR SIR,

London.

CAN there be any thing more painful to a friendly mind than the neceſſity of communicating melancholy intelligence? which I am ſure will affect the heart of my kind friends at Ely Grove.

After

After parting with the ſweet *Lady A.* and her family, I haſtened to ſee my adopted daughter, Mrs. *Mandeville.* On enquiring for her, I was told by the ſervant, (whoſe countenance was the index to the tragic ſcene that followed,) that ſhe was at home, but much indiſpoſed, and unfit for company. I ſent up my name, and was immediately admitted; but never did my eyes behold a more intereſting object. She was in deep mourning, kneeling by the ſide of a ſofa, on which lay her unhappy huſband dangerouſly wounded, while ſhe was tenderly employed in wiping the cold dews of death from his pale face. Then lifting up her eyes towards me, "Oh, my dear father, and worthy friend! (cried ſhe, feebly,) you are again come, like my guardian angel, to comfort my deſponding mind, and pray for my beloved *Horatio.*" No pen can deſcribe my grief and aſtoniſhment on enquiring into the cauſe of this diſtreſsful ſcene. Recollection almoſt ſuffocated the unhappy *Mandeville*—the cold ſweat ſtanding on his brow

brow—his wounds bleeding afreſh—" Fly for the ſurgeon!" ſaid the affrighted *Clara*, who had juſt left him to dreſs *Colonel Elwood*.

" Be not alarmed, my beloved *Clara*, I know I am dying, (ſaid the expiring *Horatio*) all human aid is ineffectual: but, oh! my amiable wife, muſt I indeed leave you—and in diſtreſſed circumſtances—in that alone have I deceived you—I am indebted to *Colonel Elwood* for a large ſum, which his baſe deſigns, and my ill fortune, has involved me in." Here a flood of tears relieved the agony of *Clara*'s mind.

The ſurgeon at that moment entered the room, with Miſs *Hervey*; who, in tears, earneſtly intreated the dying *Mandeville* to acquit her friend from any deſign on his life. " He now lies dangerouſly ill, (ſaid ſhe,) you are under obligations to him for the ſums of money he has lent you; how greatly would it diſtreſs poor Mrs. *Mandeville*, ſhould he or his friends be induced to enforce the payment thereof; beſides,

you know, my dear Sir, you firſt wounded him; he only drew in his own defence." The poor expiring *Horatio* heſitated a moment, then, in the preſence of us all, acquitted him of any deſigns on his life, but declared he had provoked him to the raſh deed.

The doctor finding it neceſſary to dreſs his wounds, we retired to another room. I led the ſpeechleſs *Clara*, who looked like patience on a monument. I was ſoon after ſummoned to the ſick room, where the dying *Horatio* joined fervently in prayer; then, recommending his ſoul to the *Almighty*, in a low faultering voice, called for his beloved *Clara*, and, fixing his dying eyes on the poor mourner, expired praying for bleſſings on her, who, from the agitations of her mind, with a deep ſigh fell to the ground, loſt in anguiſh, and inſenſibility: in which ſtate ſhe was carried to the next room, where, with the help of a little hartſhorn, this unfortunate widow opened her languid eyes; and, reſting her head on my

boſom

boſom, lay ſome time in a ſtate of apparent inſenſibility, tho' ſhe recollected hearing *Horatio*'s laſt words, and her unhappy widowed ſtate. I endeavoured to ſooth her with happier proſpects. "Alas! they are vaniſhed, (ſaid ſhe, ſtruggling with her emotions,) peace, like a frighted dove, has winged her flight to diſtant hills. Oh, could I bring the lovely wanderer back!—Oh, my dear friend! (continued ſhe, the tears ſtreaming down her cheeks,) the grief I am in, for my dear *Horatio*'s death, had I no other cauſe for the anguiſh that will ſoon put a period to my exiſtence; but what is ſtill of more importance, that of being at peace with myſelf." She wept.

How my heart bled, dear *Colonel*, for her ſufferings! and I honoured her ſweet ſenſibility. "You ſee, Sir, (ſaid Miſs *Hervey*,) the fatal conſequences of love and jealouſy, and the impropriety of receiving the viſits of ſo gay a man as the *Colonel*, which has been the death of my lamented friend; and, to his wife, added diſgrace to ſorrow."

While this harangue continued, the dear unfortunate widow obſerved a profound ſilence, not deigning to honour her with a ſingle glance. The open and generous diſpoſition of Mr. *Mandeville*, and an unhappy propenſity to gaming, drew him into the *Colonel*'s power, who availed himſelf of that foible, and, by his paltry arts, improved it to his own advantage, by lending him ſums of money to gamble with, being in general lucky; and to draw his gratitude, and lull his fears from having any deſigns on her honour by his pretended friendſhip, he thought his power would be more extenſive, and give him more frequent opportunities to ſee his wife, and purſue his baſe deſigns on her unſuſpecting and innocent heart.

When I acquainted this unfortunate widow with the recent death of my lamented friend Mr. *Fielding*, and his kind remembrance of her in his dying moments. "Oh, my worthy benefactor! (exclaimed ſhe, with an involuntary burſt of grief,) Where ſlept the power that could have preſerved thy life a little

a little longer, and rewarded the beneficence of thy ſpirit with felicity as inexhauſtible as the benevolence of thy heart. Surely my miſery is now complete, deprived as I am of an affectionate huſband and moſt benevolent friend!" I endeavoured to ſooth her by every conſolatory argument which reaſon and religion could ſuggeſt; at length, with a deep ſigh, ſhe replied, "I am convinced my good friend, of the beneficence of your intentions in thus furniſhing me with arguments againſt deſpair; but the magnitude of my diſtreſs almoſt overpowers my fortitude; nevertheleſs I will endeavour to reſign myſelf to the diſpenſations of that Almighty Power who, I truſt, will protect me in this hour of bitter adverſity."

Miſs *Hervey* then approached us, and, as if conſcious ſhe had wronged her, endeavoured to vindicate her conduct, re-aſſured her of the ſincerity of her frindſhip, and, ſhedding a few tears, ſaid, ſhe would willingly ſhare her trifling ſubſiſtence with her eſteemed friend, then apologized for the

ſhortneſs of her viſit, and departed to enquire after the *Colonel*'s health.

The unfortunate *Clara* then aroſe, and intreated me to accompany her to the room where the remains of her beloved *Horatio* were depoſited. She gazed on his inanimate form for ſome time in ſpeechleſs agony; at length a flood of tears relieved her oppreſſed boſom, and ſhe gave vent to her feelings in language that would have melted the moſt obdurate heart. At length I prevailed on her to withdraw from the melancholy ſcene, and take ſome repoſe.

I find *Mandeville*'s circumſtances are left in a very embarraſſed ſtate. Such pecuniary aſſiſtance as the contracted ſtate of my finances will admit, ſhall be at her ſervice, as ſoon as the firſt tranſports of her grief have ſubſided, and time has enabled her to inſpect the ſtate of her affairs.

When this buſineſs is ſettled I will endeavour to prevail on her to viſit Brook-houſe. In that peaceful ſolitude, it will be the delight of my *Anna* to adminiſter conſolation

tion by every means in her power; this, joined to the tenderneſs and affection I am confident ſhe will experience at your hoſpitable manſion, will, I hope, calm the perturbation of her ſpirits, and reſtore peace to her diſordered mind. As my preſence is indiſpenſibly neceſſary at my cure, I ſhall ſet out in a few days, but will not quit her till the funeral obſequies are ſolemnized, when I hope her agitated ſpirits will be more compoſed.

I have juſt received a card of invitation from Miſs *Hervey*, having ſomething of conſequence to communicate—This viſit ſhe deſires may be concealed from Mrs. *Mandeville*. My curioſity is ſtrongly excited to diſcover the purport of this myſterious viſit. Farewel, my dear Sir, I hope to be able to bring better tidings in perſon, in a few days, till then, believe me to be,

Your obliged Friend,

BROOKE.

LETTER XXX.

LORD BELMONT to EDWARD BARRYMORE, ESQ.

DEAR NED.

I ARRIVED in town yeſterday, and was tempted to go to the opera at night; the houſe was extremely crowded, but my attention was irreſiſtibly attracted by the entrance of *Lady Angelina* into the next box. Her extreme modeſty, unaffected dignity, and enchanting beauty, overſhadowed with a ſoft and penſive melancholy, attracted the eyes and excited the admiration of all around her. Her lovely boſom, the ſeat of innocence and virtue, whoſe leaſt excellence is to rival the pureſt ſnow, though poſſeſſing a thouſand charms of its own, had not diſdained to borrow an additional one from a roſe-bud and lily of the valley, which ſhe had placed with ineffable grace, and whoſe delightful fragrance ſhed a rich perfume around

around, and exhilerated my languiſhing ſpirits.

I paid my obeiſance to her which a palpitating heart, in return to which ſhe honoured me with an enchanting ſmile, that elevated my hopes and riveted thoſe fetters with which her amiable qualities had long captivated my heart.—Thus encouraged, I took an opportunity to congratulate her on her arrival in England; at which ſhe ſighed, and her ſparkling eyes, whoſe brilliance outſhone the diamond, were moiſtened with a tear.

I will, as ſoon as the delicacy of her ſituation will permit, make her an offer of a heart long and ſincerely attached to her numerous excellencies. I was a ſecret admirer of her even in her childiſh years. On my return to England I heard ſhe was engaged to the worthy and much-lamented *Fielding*, when I thought myſelf bound in honor to withhold any pretenſions to her; but, this obſtacle being removed, vanity ſuggeſts that aſſiduity and perſeverance may

ultimately bleſs me with this ineſtimable jewel, and make me the happieſt of mortals.——Viſitors compel me to conclude this tedious epiſtle, which I hope you will receive before you ſet off for Switzerland. Aſſure Mrs. *Barrymore* of my beſt wiſhes, and believe me,

Sincerely your's,

BELMONT.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS HERVEY to COLONEL ELWOOD.

HOW happy am I, my dear *Colonel*, to find by your Surgeon, that you are out of danger. I would have called on you, agreeable to your requeſt, but my mind is all terror and confuſion. The death of poor *Mandeville* has diſappointed all my fondeſt hopes, and, I fear, my well-concerted ſchemes are totally fruſtrated.—Perdition catch

catch her, ſhe may yet be *Walpole*'s—Anything but that I could have borne—it is only in your power now to prevent it. *Horatio* was indebted ſome hundreds to you, which I am ſure it is not in her power now to pay. Change your mode of addreſs; as ſoon as your health will permit, pay her a viſit of condolence; touch and ſoften her heart by a reſpectful kindneſs. Her virtue may be undermined by attention and generoſity, but will never be conquered by the open attacks which often ſucceed with other women. Her fall is now the only chance I have of ſucceeding with the elegant *Walpole*; accompliſh it, and you have my eternal gratitude.

Her cold behaviour, at our laſt interview, alarmed my fears. Surely ſhe has no idea of his being unmarried, or of his intention to viſit England; if ſhe has I am totally undone. I think I have ſufficiently poiſoned the mind of her beſt friend—her good father as ſhe calls him.—He will doubtleſs convey his ſentiments to that chit, Miſs *Howe*,

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whoſe lofty pretenſions to ſuperior diſcretion will induce her to withdraw her protection; her friends at Ely-grove will doubtleſs follow her example, and by thus reducing her to diſtreſs, effectually promote our ſcheme.

But, would you believe it, my dear *Colonel*, amidſt the happineſs I enjoy from an anticipation of the ſucceſsful iſſue of our plan, ſome qualms of conſcience—ſome uneaſy reflections—will at times intrude, and veil the ſhining proſpect with a gloomy cloud of regret. Yes, *Elwood*, when I reflect on her many amiable qualities, both mental and perſonal, and the friendſhip which has long ſubſiſted between us, the ſincerity of which on her part is indubitable, I confeſs my mind miſgives me, and I am almoſt ready to deſiſt. But when, on the other hand I conſider the triumph I ſhall enjoy in gaining the charming, the accompliſhed *Walpole*, all theſe conſiderations paſs away like a ſhadow; my mind is fortified againſt every attack of conſcience, and ſteeled againſt every admonition and reproof. In a word, love and jealouſy

jouſy have conſpired to drive every other paſſion from my breaſt, and have left no room for the ſuggeſtions of conſcience, or the dictates of prudence. Let me know by the ſervant how you find yourſelf, and haſten to the aſſiſtance of

Your ſincere friend,

HARRIET HERVEY.

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs BATEMAN to Miſs HOWE.

Wilding Park, Iſle of Man.

AGREEABLE to my promiſe I take the earlieſt opportunity to acquaint my dear Miſs *Howe* that the travellers, after a pleaſant journey, in which they met with no diſagreeable occurrence to retard their progreſs, arrived here in ſafety. We ſpent a day at Whitehaven, a large, well-built, and populous town in Cumberland, 205 miles from

from London. It is ſeated chiefly in a plain or valley, between two ſteep hills, and appears to have been formerly a creek of the ſea. After viewing the town and circumjacent country, which is extremely pleaſant and well-cultivated, we embarked, and after a delightful paſſage of four hours arrived at this iſland. The day being remarkably fine, exhibited the ſcenes on the coaſt to great advantage, and gave us a happy idea of the luxuriant ſtate of the country.

We landed at Douglas, and were received in the moſt polite manner, by a number of very elegant young fellows, who were walking on the parade, but, ſeeing us on the deck, flew to eſcort us on ſhore. Mr. *Wilding* being quite enraptured with his bride, left your poor friend to the care of an officer, whoſe heart I think I have already touched. You know my power, *Louiſa*, when I exert myſelf.

There were ſeveral ladies walking on the pier, who were introduced to us by Mr. *Wilding*'s friend; they welcomed us to the iſland

iſland with an earneſtneſs and politeneſs which gave us a pleaſing proſpect of the happineſs we had reaſon to expect.

After taking ſome refreſhment, which was ſerved up in a ſtile of elegant ſimplicity, we ſet off for the Park which Mr. *W.* has purchaſed. The houſe is commodious, and conveniently adapted for family uſe; the grounds are ſpacious and taſtefully diſplayed; the gardens are ſtocked with a regular ſucceſſion of articles, both for uſeful and ornamental purpoſes; nevertheleſs *Evelina* has already planned a variety of improvements. You know my ſiſter's taſte in this reſpect, which, though pleaſingly elegant yet borders on the romantic. She declares ſhe will make it a paradiſe of ſweets. She has planned delightful arbors, and ſhady bowers, to be twined round with a mixture of woodbine, jeſſamine and other odoriferous flowers, and a variety of other decorations, which you would deem me tedious were I to recount.

I can, my dear *Louiſa,* from my dreſſing-room,

room, ſee turrets, glens, rivers, bridges, and a fine caſcade, which, falling from the rocks in a variety of places, runs purling along a bed of the ſmootheſt pebbles, then divides itſelf into four different channels, and loſes itſelf in the ſea.

We dined yeſterday at Oatland, a moſt delightful ſpot in our neighbourhood. The owners of which are univerſally eſteemed for their elegant hoſpitality, and unbounded benevolence. The ladies, I think, particularly the married ones, are too reſerved; they ſeem to think it a crime to be too attractive, and appear afraid to pleaſe the men.——We have juſt received cards of invitation to a ball to-night. I muſt go and conſult my glaſs, for, not having yet become a proſelyte to this new doctrine, I intend to make ſome execution among the beaux. I ſhall therefore only add, that I am, notwithſtanding my giddineſs, my dear Miſs *Howe*'s ſincere Friend,

LYDIA BATEMAN.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

Mrs. MANDEVILLE to Miſs HOWE.

Portland ſtreet.

I SHOULD ere now have thanked my dear Miſs *Howe* for her kind ſympathizing letter, but I have lately been ſo totally loſt in grief that I have not had an hour to beſtow on one of the moſt pleaſing occupations of my life, in writing to my dear *Louiſa*. Would to Heaven you could look into my heart, and ſee what paſſes in that troubled tenement; and ſpare my pen the diſagreeable office of acquainting you with the dreadful ſcenes that followed after the concluſion of my laſt letter. I make no doubt but the worthy Mr. *Brook*, has acquainted you, and my highly eſteemed friends at Ely Grove, with my unfortunate widowed ſtate. I know I need not, if I could, paint the anguiſh of a mind overwhelmed with ſuch accumulated ſorrows, that ſtill pour on my feeling heart, " like ſome proud river that has left its banks,

banks, nor ever knew repulſe." A loud knock at the door pronounces unwelcome viſitors.

Miſs *Hervey* approached me with her crocodile tears, and ſeemingly appeared to condole with me on my wretched ſtate, and again aſſured me of her friendſhip, that ſhe imagined my *Horatio* in happier circumſtances, or ſhe would by no means have perſuaded me into ſo cloſe an union. That *Colonel Elwood*, filled with remorſe for his former conduct, begged her to aſſure me of his penitence, and friendſhip; and that he would by no means ſeek to diſtreſs me, by the demand of the money my huſband owed him. But my eyes were now open, and a thouſand little circumſtances crowded on my memory. I aroſe, my heart revolted from the idea of friendſhip for a woman whoſe artful conduct had involved me in ſuch a ſeries of misfortunes; yet I knew not how to forbid a perſon my houſe who I once eſteemed my friend. Ah! my *Louiſa*, what art can waſh her tears away? She ſaw her preſence

preſence diſtreſſed me, and retired apparently chagrined, and diſappointed. My agitated heart now requires ſome repoſe: Adieu! for the preſent.

I WILL now reſume my pen, though I have been ſome hours before I could compoſe myſelf enough to attempt to give you an account of the dreadful interview between the *Colonel* and my much lamented huſband, who I now recollect with anguiſh of mind. On my *Horatio*'s approaching me, with looks of aſtoniſhment and horror, on the man he thought his friend. "Leave the room this moment *Mandeville*! (cried the outrageous *Colonel*, clapping his hand on his ſword,) or you ſhall feel the conſequence of my reſentment. Allow me to viſit your wife—let her but conſent to my happineſs, and I will free you from the debt; but if ſhe refuſes, you know your fate—a priſon ſhall be your lodging to-morrow—If you and ſhe reſolve to be miſerable I cannot help it, you may

may be happy, and you ſhall ever find me ready to contribute to it."

Inflamed at this degrading propoſal, he cried, in a rage, "She nor I will never conſent to your inſulting propoſal; for could your friendſhip now raiſe me to the higheſt ſtation, or your reſentment ſink me to the grave, yet I would deſpiſe both. And, though it is utterly out of my power to diſcharge the debt immediately, yet my heart will vindicate its honour and dignity. A priſon would be a palace to me rather than her diſgrace. I have no fears but for my beloved *Clara*; ſhe is the only object that attracts me to earth."

"Retire this moment *Mandeville*, (cried the *Colonel*,) or the conſequence may be fatal: you are deceived in your opinion of her virtue: ſhe has already indulged me with every liberty but the laſt." I endeavoured to reſtrain my paſſion at this baſe accuſation for a few minutes in ſilence, but I thought I ſhould have died at the effort. I would have

have left the room, but fears for my *Horatio* riveted me to the floor.

"Go, (ſaid *Horatio*,) you are a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; your meanneſs ſecures you from my anger."—Dreadful was the *Colonel*'s anſwer. I do not know what were the ſenſations I felt, for they proceeded with too much rapidity for deſcription. But alas! I was too ſoon awakened from my inſenſibility to a ſcene of miſery; for, oh my *Louiſa!* how ſhall my trembling pen deſcribe the horrors of my mind, when my much lamented huſband was brought in dangerouſly wounded.

The next day my good and reverend friend Mr. *Brook* called on me, he can tell you what followed; the taſk is too diſtreſſing for his unfortunate widow to attempt. Here let me pauſe, that a flood of tears may eaſe my bleeding heart.

Am I not the moſt unfortunate of widows, dependent on the bounty of my acquaintance, and in the power of a man both honour and reſentment teaches me to deteſt.

Never

Never till now did I know real ſorrows. My dear, my ever-lamented mother too is loſt to me for ever. When I think of our parting—to leave this beloved parent in reſentment, not to bend my knee to the author of my being—

Tears vainly flow for errors learnt too late,
When timely caution *ſhould prevent our fate.*

You, my dear Miſs *Howe*, have a tender and feeling ſoul, you will weep over the ſorrows of humanity, and the errors of your unhappy friend. It grieves me to think I ſhould be abſent at the awful moment, when, by a dutiful attention, I might have ſoftened her ſorrows, and convinced this dear parent I was more to be pitied than blamed.

I tremble at the thought of poverty and want, after the affluence I enjoyed in the early part of my life; and my former acquaintance perhaps triumphing over me with haughty pride. Oh! had I ever ſo trifling a ſum independent of others, with what pleaſure would I bury myſelf in retirement.

tirement. I will not intrude any longer on the feelings of my beloved friend, than only to add, that no misfortunes or diſappointments can leſſen the affection or gratitude of,

The unhappy,

CLARA MANDEVILLE.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. BATEMAN to Mrs. WILDING.

IT is with pleaſure I hear, my dear and lovely niece, that you are now in my favorite iſle, the Iſle of Man. Moſt ſincerely did I rejoice in your happineſs when I received my mother's letter, being then at ſea I had no opportunity of congratulating you ſooner. The fate of war has prevented me from ſeeing you for a length of time; but I hear you are much improved in ſize and beauty; but let that be your leaſt charm. Adorn your mind with virtue, benevolence, and

and humility—follow the example of the firſt and beſt of women—it points invariably to every female excellence—it leads to immortality. Have a watchful eye over the ſprightly *Lydia*, whoſe vivacity of temper may lead her into errors her heart may have no ſhare in. Cultivate a friendſhip with the charming *Juliet Dear*, in her converſation you will find both entertainment and improvement. Her image is ſtill twined round my heart, and fain would I hope that I had ſome ſhare in her's. Should fickle fortune favour my wiſhes, and the peaceful olive-branch crown my brow, I will then offer her a heart, that the moment I ſaw her, became eternally a ſlave to her merit—aſſure her of my tendereſt regard. Should that bleſt hour arrive, I will haſten to your delightful neighbourhood, and ſpend the remainder of my days in tranquillity, which ſhe alone can beſtow. Say every thing for me to Mr. *Wilding*, who I have heard the moſt valuable character of from *Captain Parker*. Should the dangers and perils of war prevent

vent me from ever ſeeing either of you again, that your happineſs may be eternal, is the ardent prayer of your

Affectionate Uncle,

BATEMAN.

LETTER XXXV.

LORD BELMONT to EDW. BARRYMORE, ESQ.

I AM much obliged to you for your very pleaſing account of Switzerland. I am happy to hear you arrived ſafe. Agreeable to your requeſt, and your charming conſort, who, by the bye, I am much more inclined to oblige than you, I called this evening (being engaged in the morning, on Mrs. *Mandeville*, and was told ſhe was not at home; but, requeſting the ſervant to tell her I had agreeable news from her friend Mrs. *Barrymore*, ſhe ſoon returned, and uſhered me into a room, where ſat this unfortunate widow at a table, with the writing apparatus before her,

her cheek reclined on her hand, whilſt the table ſupported her arm, the tears ſwimming in her eyes, and a gentle ſmile diffuſed over her countenance. She enquired kindly after you both: then haſtily ſnatching the paper ſhe had been writing on, endeavoured to conceal it.

" You are exerciſing your fertile genius, my dear Madam, (ſaid I,) will you not indulge me with a ſight of it." " I was only (ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh) tranſcribing an Elegy on the royal unfortunate mother, taking leave of her darling ſon." Here ſhe pauſed, and dropped a ſympathizing tear. I intreated her to read it to me, which, with great perſuaſion, I prevailed on her to do. Never did I ſee ſympathy and ſorrow ſo lively painted on a countenance, as was on her's, when ſhe read it: it was tender, pathetic, and truly poetical. She paints, to the life, the diſtreſſes of the heart; and the art of painting, you know, is the true talent of poets: the underſtanding, notwithſtanding all the reſources it may boaſt, can never either

either imitate this talent, or ſupply the want of it. The neceſſity of painting extends to all kinds of poetry. The poet who paints not, is no more than a verſifier or rhymeſter, who cauſes ſyllables to chink and jingle to each other, couplet by couplet. A fine and maſterly picture has the characteriſtic merit of an epic poem. Univerſal nature is the object of poetry. Some perſons, who have pretenſions to poetry, are mere copyiſts; they paint after the deſcription of thoſe who borrowed from others. Thus it is that we find in books the agitations of the ocean drawn by men who were never on the boſom of the water; the horrors of a ſhipwreck, of which they were never witneſſes; the clamour of camps, without the leaſt knowledge of tactics; and maxims of government, without any ſkill in politics.

True poetry is the art of painting nature, and has preſerved, in all ages, a conſtant empire over the human mind. A profound geometrician may conſider poetry as a trifle:

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True poetry is the art of painting nature, and has preſerved, in all ages, a conſtant empire over the human mind. A profound geometrician may conſider poetry as a trifle:

yet the great Newton himſelf will not live ſo long in memory as Homer; becauſe few perſons have that portion of intellectual light neceſſary to guide them through the obſcure paths of Newtonian knowledge; whereas thouſands will cheriſh a ſcience ſo pleaſing and delightful.

Though every part of the material univerſe abounds in objects of pleaſurable contemplation, yet nothing in nature ſo powerfully touches our hearts, or gives ſuch a variety of exerciſe to our moral and intellectual faculties, as poetry

Human affairs and human feelings are univerſally intereſting. There are many perſons who have no great reliſh for the poetry which delineates only irrational or inanimate beings; but to that which exhibits the fortunes, the characters, and conduct of men, there is hardly any perſon who does not liſten with ſimpathy and delight. And hence, to imitate human action, is conſidered as eſſential to this art, and indeed muſt be allowed to be eſſential to the moſt pleaſing and inſtructive

ſtructive part of it, I mean to epic and dramatic compoſition. Mere deſcriptions, however beautiful, and moral reflections, however juſt, become tireſome, where our paſſions are not intereſted. Does not the reader of taſte and ſentiment receive high pleaſure in thoſe little tales or epiſodes with which Thomſon's Seaſons are here and there enliven'd? Sentiments and deſcriptions may be regarded as the pilaſtres, carvings, gildings, and other decorations of the poetical fabric; but human actions are the columns and raſtors that give it ſtability and elevation.

With regard to epic poetry, the bards in this line have done, with reſpect to morality, juſt the reverſe of what the divine poets did for their theology. As the too great diverſity of divine actions and perfections, ſo little proportionate to our underſtanding, occaſioned the latter to divide the ſingle idea of the ſimple eſſence of the Deity into ſeveral perſons under different names, ſo, on the contrary, the nature of moral philoſophy, which

which never gives any rules for particular things, cauſed the epic poets to unite in one ſingle idea, in the ſame perſon, and even in a ſingle action, whatever of the like kind occurs in different perſons and different actions.

But we will quit this long digreſſion, and return to the unfortunate widow.

I was extremely ſhocked when I heard of her widowed ſtate, and the untimely end of Mr. *Mandeville.* How contemptible muſt the *Colonel* appear in the eyes of every worthy man! He is ſtill I find confined to the houſe with his wound, but in no danger. I hear he has deſerted the poor innocent and deluded *Maria*—Scarce any virtue can withſtand a long and pleaſing temptation.

I have one happineſs to comfort myſelf with, my dear *Barrymore,* and that is, I never ſeduced the innocent, nor planted daggers in the breaſt of a parent. I have been gay and volatile, it is true, and had my pleaſures, but never at the expence of injured innocence. You will laugh, *Ned,*

when I tell you, that ſince I became the ſweet *Lady Angelina*'s lover, (a lover in the true ſenſe of the word) my taſte is ſo refined that I have no longer any reliſh for mere ſenſual gratifications; and have lately began to conſider modeſty as the greateſt charm of female beauty.

In conformity to the requeſt of Mrs. *Barrymore*, I offered relief to the unhappy lady; but ſhe declined it, and obſerved that ſhe was already under too many obligations to her friends. She then ſhed tears, which pierced me to the heart.

I am, &c.

B——T.

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